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and Current Anecdotes

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"A PUTTERING JOB"

EMMA GARY WALLACE

My-Next-Door-Neighbor-the-Minister wandered around the rear of his house, across the driveway, and sat down disconsolately on the edge of my piazza.

"What's the matter," I asked sympathetically, for it was all too evident that he was decidedly "down in the mouth." In fact as I looked across his benevolent countenance as it was revealed in the telltale sunlight, I was sure I could detect a distinct tinge of yellow and I secretly registered the intention when opportunity presented to recommend a liver pill.

"What's the matter?" I repeated again encouragingly, taking up my knitting, knowing full well that an attitude of semi-preoccupation encourages confidences.

"Oh, I don't know just what IS the matter." My-Neighbor-the-Minister-Next-Door responded, "but some way or other I feel terribly depressed. No reason for it either, nice bright weather like this."

I smiled to myself and put another mental mark beside the liver pill intention.

"It's like this," he continued, "there is no doubt in the world that a minister's job as it ought to be done, is the biggest one of all, but as a good many of us have to do it, it is a puttering job."

I nodded sympathetically.

"I know," I said, "so much time spent answering the telephone; smoothing out difficulties for people which never ought to have been, in the first place; tying up loose ends which belong to someone else; giving a word of comfort here and advice there,—all important, but so much of it fragmentary."

My-Neighbor-Next-Door looked relieved that I understood.

"That's just it," he said, "I would like to do some one finished unit of work, which really counts. So much of my time is given to doing what other people could do, if they only would, and ought to do for their own sakes."

"Why, do you know that sometimes I think I am just a 'Filler.' You know what a filler is on a magazine page, it is a little scrap of something which uses up left-over space in a pleasant way. Most anything will do for a Filler."

"I don't agree with you," I said firmly. "You know I scribble some myself, and I am convinced that it takes as much ability to write a crisp, clean-cut Filler containing a brilliant or helpful idea developed in a few lines, as it does to ramble along over pages and not say

much of anything when all is said and done. You may fill out a thousand and one situations, in a thousand and one different ways in the course of a single year, Neighbor-'o-Mine, but let me assure you that **filling out** is in most cases **finishing out**. And if a thing isn't finished—why, you know how much it amounts to! A minister's work may seem like a puttering job, but he has to be a pretty versatile sort of an individual to putter to good purpose."

My caller hitched over, leaning against one piazza post, and bracing his feet against another.

"Now," he said without seeming to pay any attention to the consolation I had attempted to offer him, "this morning I was hauled out of bed before break of day to hear the confession of a dying convict. Things had been mighty twisted in the poor fellow's life and he wanted to straighten them out as much as he could before he came to the final bar of judgment. He was in the hospital. The nurses moved about with quiet efficiency. It is their task to minister to the sick. Their work is clear-cut. They do one thing and they do it well. The doctors came and went as needed. It is their life task to know the human body and the agents which menace."

"I reached home in time for breakfast. The cook was in ill humor, the milkman had been late and there was no milk for the coffee, and something had gone wrong with the plumbing. She informed me in no uncertain terms that it is her task to prepare food and **not** to get it together or to regulate the household equipment. Even the cook expects to do one thing. She is a pretty fair cook too, and she hinted broadly the possibility of an easier place and higher wages."

"Soon after breakfast a soldier and his bride came to be married." Now, if I had my way, I should have told these youngsters to go home and wait until they grew up, but there they were with their license and everything legally straight, so I did my part, and perhaps it will come out all right. I sat down and talked to them awhile, a thing I don't often do, but I wanted them to realize something about the great responsibility they had undertaken and their own obligations to the present and future. Well, they went away, she misty-eyed and he with shoulders back and head erect. A whole hour was gone. ^{SAT}

"Then the janitor came from the church ^{SAT} to tell me that the carpenters had come to make the repairs we have planned, and the chair-

man of the House Committee wasn't on hand with his specifications. It took me another half hour to get in communication with him and go down to the church and get things started.

"At ten-thirty two committees came to my office. Now those committees had been appointed respectively by the Sunday School and the Men's Brotherhood to confer as to the **where** and **when** of a big Get-Together Picnic, for our entire church and church-school family. The Men's Brotherhood had wanted to go by trolley to Crystal Lake and from there to Giant's Point. The committee from the Sunday School felt the expense too great if all were to attend, and pointed out the risk of taking a lot of little children off on the water.

"Now it was up to them to thresh the situation out and come to a decision, but no sir-ee, it was practically left for me to say where we better go, and whether we better have that picnic as soon as school was out in June or wait until our forces reassembled at the usual rallying time in the fall.

"Well, we disposed of that and as the committee went I found one of my people waiting who was in great distress because word had come that her only boy was seriously wounded at the Front. Before she left little Miss Elsie, one of our church charges, was anxiously waiting for a few words. You know her, of course; she is aged and feeble yet keen as a briar. She lives in that big house on the hill, a fine old property and the use of it is willed to her while she lives. As long as she stays there it is her home. If she leaves, it reverts to other heirs. The church has paid her taxes and insurance for a long time. It furnishes coal to keep her warm and food to nourish her.

"Now my wife, you know, is one of the trustees of the St. Agnes Home for Elderly Ladies, and she has been watching for a long time for an opening to get Miss Elsie in. She would have care and companionship there and if she remains where she is, the house she occupies will tumble about her ears for she has no money for repairs. She was much disturbed by the suggestion that she change her method of living, and with tears of anguish assured me that she would sooner die than accept the shelter of charity.

"I talked to Miss Elsie and tried to show her how glad we all would be to think of her as in one of those big, comfortable rooms at the Home, but she went away and I don't believe I made much impression.

"Before she left one of our church boys called me on the 'phone to advise with him concerning enlistment. His people were opposing it bitterly and he was firmly convinced it was his duty. I took my car and went over and had a talk with his people. They feel better now and are willing that he shall make the decision for himself which seems right.

"Directly after lunch I had a funeral,—one of the kind which makes a fellow sad. You know—a perfunctory affair at Blake's Undertaking Rooms. It was the woman whose body was found in the lake. They say she was a morphine eater. Poor thing, she was probably not responsible. Only distant relatives were there and few of them.

"After the funeral I went up to George Washington School as I had promised to do, and talked first to a group of boys on "Being a Patriot." There was a meeting of the Parent-Teachers' Association in the auditorium and I was scheduled to address them while I was there on "The Training Which Makes Patriots." There was quite a gathering, perhaps a hundred mothers and a dozen teachers.

"I had a call at Dry Headquarters to make and a conference about our publicity campaign for the Local Option Election next month.

"When I got home I found my wife waiting anxiously for my coming. Miss Elsie had been taken very sick. A shock, my wife thought, and would I take her up in the car immediately to see what was necessary for her comfort?

"On my way back I stopped at Alden's Harvester Plant. I wanted to see one of the superintendents about taking a class of boys in the Intermediate Department. He is a fine fellow, is Ellsworth, and the boys would just naturally imitate him, he is so likeable. I tell you it's a sight to go through Alden's and to see them turn out those great farm tractors which will mean so much in feeding the world. I tell you that's a man's job!"

My-Neighbor-Next-Door drew out his watch. "I have had dinner," he said, "and in just thirty minutes I am due at Prayer Meeting. My, but you have a nice breeze here!"

I laid down my knitting and leaned over accusingly.

"I am glad," I remarked severely, "that I have at least twenty minutes clear in which to lecture, for if there is anybody who needs being preached at, once in awhile, it's a minister.

"You are right, my friend, being a nurse is noble work. Medicine and surgery, and building tractors, and cultivating the earth; and all that sort of thing are men's jobs, and they must be done. But the good Lord didn't intend that we should all be surgeons, or all nurses, or all tractor builders, or agriculturists. He gave us each ability for certain things, and when you come to think about it, the ability is pretty well distributed so you and I can get a reasonable amount of almost any kind of service we require.

"A man who specializes in one kind of work and makes a success of it deserves credit; a man who is able to turn his hand and mind and heart from the problems of one vital duty to another, hour after hour, must needs have the strength of a man and the grace of God. He is blest above his fellows.

"There is not one thing which you have mentioned, but what affects one or more lives in a far-reaching way, and remember Neighbor O'-Mine, that when these mortal bodies with their aches and pains, and their devastating diseases shall have gone back to dust; and when tractors have rusted and fallen to pieces, and perhaps been replaced by more modern inventions; and when those yet unborn shall till the soil; that the influence of the work you did today will make the world a sweeter and finer place in which to live, and will, I am firmly convinced, have increased the throng about the Great White Throne. You are dealing with time and eternity, rather

than with material things, and yet you must use the material tools about you with which to accomplish results. A puttering job? Yes, if puttering means lending a hand wherever it is needed and helping others to look up, not down, and to look out, not in."

My Neighbor-From-Next-Door sat in reflective silence.

"I know you are right," he said simply. "I am glad that you are a high-dweller to me."

"Thank you," I returned gaily as I picked up the sock from the piazza floor. "Please excuse me one moment. I have a little bottle of Concentrated Jaundice Dispeller which I want

to send over to your wife with the urgent request that she will follow directions as far as her liege lord is concerned. We were talking about it this morning, so she will understand. It is one of the penalties for living next to a philosophical pharmacist.

"Yes, you are right, you must go or you'll be late for Prayer Meeting, and one of the items of a puttering job is always to be on time in order to set a good example to others."

"I'll get even with you some day," sang back my Neighbor-Next-Door as he shook the little bottle over his head and disappeared around the rear corner of his own house.

A SOLDIER'S RELIGION

The Expository Times of Edinburg reviews a book consisting of papers by seventeen chaplains of the British army advocating a change in the conduct of public worship in the Anglican church. The Expository Times says: The country clergy will probably be against the chaplains, for they demand the most dreaded of all revolutions, a revolution in the conduct of public worship. It is the unanimous testimony of these chaplains that the British army, officers and soldiers alike, will tolerate the Prayer Book no longer. They ask that the services and worship of the church be made suitable for them. It is suitable only for advanced and experienced Christians.

The senior chaplain writes:

"The Prayer-book as it stands is a volume that serves only those who are highly instructed in the faith. Hardly a soldier carries a Prayer-book, because there is little in it he can use. We never guessed of old how removed it was from common wants; nor how intellectual are its prayers and forms of devotion. Its climate to the simple, ardent Christian is often ice. The warm romance of man's pilgrimage to God is absent from it, because it takes early stages for granted and can be used only by those who have ascended many hills of difficulty. How we have blushed for the incomprehensibility even of the Collects!"

Another chaplain, a canon of a cathedral says:

"The language of many of the prayers is out of date, and therefore unintelligible if not actually misleading to the majority. 'We have erred and strayed like lost sheep,' 'Graft in our hearts,' 'the continual dew of thy blessing,' are meaningless phrases to dwellers in great cities; 'there is no health in us,' 'thy saving health,' 'the beautiful spirit of thy grace,' have physical rather than spiritual associations for most; 'inestimable love,' unfeignedly thankful, 'thy special grace preventing us,' acknowledging our wretchedness, 'true' and laudable service, 'sore let and hindered,' are but random examples of words that have passed out of current use and either lost or changed their meaning. So long as our prayers are couched in such language, 'how shall he that occupieth the place of the unlearned say 'Amen,' seeing he understandeth not what thou sayest?'"

The same Chaplain complains of the length of the psalms and the scripture lessons prescribed for daily use—The reviewer in the magazine goes on: "The country clergy may ask why they should mar 'the incomparable

beauty' of the Book of Common Prayer, for the sake of men who never worshipped with them before the war and may never worship with them after. They may ask that question but they will not rout the Chaplains with it."

The Chaplain who edited the book under review speaks of having seen the young subaltern, who formerly thought only of his silk socks and the shape of his hat or of his bank account and his revels, changed into the platoon commander who is ready at any moment to fling his life away for his men. The Chaplain has met daily the coal-miner or the farm laborer who in the old days seemed incapable of anything but listlessly following the dull routine of daily work. But now "we know what fortitude and chivalry, courage and charity, fidelity and devotion lay waiting beneath the forbidding surface for the demand which has made them the magnificent men we have seen fighting in the trenches, or almost invisible in the white bandages which swathe their tortured bodies in the base hospitals."

"Do the country clergy still ask, 'what right have they?' The Chaplains will not be routed even then. For now the Chaplains claim that the religion of the soldier, and not the religion of the country clergy is the religion of Christ. The Archbishop of Dublin confessed that the organized institutions of the Christian religion have little attraction for the soldiers, but he adds "The practical Christianity of the trenches is very real and very wide-spread. Patience, faithfulness, cheerfulness, unselfishness—these are great qualities."

Great qualities! They are the apostolic virtues! Another Chaplain, Canon J. O. Hannay, (you may know him better as the novelist George A. Birmingham) says: "Instead of making his own list of virtues, the Archbishop might have taken Paul's list of the fruits of the Spirit. Our soldiers possess in high degree just these virtues, love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, meekness. This sounds like a paradox, for of all such catalogues none, surely, is at first sight less military than St. Paul's. But if we take the Apostle's words and translate them into a language which is not petrified by theological use, if we strip the things meant of the reverent draperies of ancient pieties, we see at once that instead of being a paradox this is a simple statement of fact. By love, St. Paul meant more than comradeship; but he did mean comradeship, which elsewhere he calls brotherly

love. In joy we recognize cheerfulness. In peace—the inward peace which exists in spite of war—anything else than an outlook upon life untroubled by repining and fear? Long-suffering is surely the power of enduring, unrebelling hardship and even injustice. Gentleness and goodness are seen in unselfish, untiring care for the weak and suffering. Is it not true that meekness, the ready subordination of personal will to the will of others, is the inward spirit of discipline? St. Paul would surely have recognized his list translated thus; though it is no doubt harder for us, coated with the quickly-hardening varnish of conventional religiousness, to recognize the fruits of the Spirit in lives which display everywhere comradeship, cheerfulness, endurance, calm, kindness and discipline.”

But these things are being said not only by the Anglican clergy. Two Scotch Presbyterian Chaplains have written a book entitled “God and the Soldier.” In that book they have directly and deliberately set themselves to answer the question, What is a saint?

They also say this tree is known by its fruits. The first fruit is Self-control. It may take the exaggerated form of asceticism—sometimes the asceticism of the Catholic, sometimes the asceticism of the Puritan—but if it is self-control, it counts for saintship. Self-control is the first and most unmistakable mark of the Chaplain’s saint.

“You will not find amongst soldiers much encouragement for the idea that control of appetite is not part of the ideal. On the contrary, it is remarkable to discover how highly the mastery of the flesh is respected.”

The next fruit of the tree is courage. Courage, bravery—there is certainly no need to prove laboriously that the men in the field bring forth that fruit. But how is it one of the fruits of sainthood? Because it is one of the fruits of the character of Christ. A Japanese general was given the gospels to read for the first time, and after he had perused them, he was asked what was the quality in Jesus Christ that struck him most. “His bravery,” was the reply.

But courage moves upward to a virtue nobler still. For courage at its highest merges into fortitude, which is a mark of natures that are noble indeed. Botticelli, paints his figure representing this virtue, not in the guise of some proud warrior, ardent for the fray, but as one who is weary, who will rejoice greatly when the word comes to disarm for the long day’s work is done, but whose hand, nevertheless, again will resolutely clasp the sword-hilt, and whose spirit again will shake itself free from its fatigue, if the bugle calls to battle.

And now to bring all these fruits together and lay them out like “apples of gold in salvers of silver,” so that we may see “the beauty of holiness.” what is that which essentially is the saint? It is selflessness.

And the soldier is selfless. Many unexpected men seem to have reached the point of assent to what may come of pain and loss to themselves, provided that the world is to grow fairer thereby.

(Continued on page 881.)

In this issue there are two strong evangelistic appeals for faith in God—for saving power. One is by the Parliamentary reporter of the London Times, the top-notch of English journalism. The other is by an editor with forty years’ experience on city dailies, one of three largest combined circulations in America, and editorial writer for the Newspaper Enterprise Association. That these men know men, all will agree. As to whether they know God you can judge from the extracts from their utterances.

Their words on politics and events of world-wide importance are readily accepted as truth and wisdom. That they should in these words speak a good word for Jesus Christ and make a plea for faith in Him and Salvation through Him is cause for rejoicing in every heart, who through difficulties and discouragement have stood for these things, the things that remain.

“With Faith in Him Hold Fast,” was published in a number of the Scripps city dailies and in other papers served by the Newspaper Enterprise Association. The writer is R. F. Paine, under whom I received my journalistic training. And if thirty years ago I had dreamed that the day would come when the straight gospel should be preached fearlessly in the columns of the daily newspaper, I would hardly have gone into religious journalism. For I sought a place where the impression made upon me by Jesus Christ might have the widest utterance. I have felt for years that the coming of Christ’s kingdom would be a matter of general effort in addition to the activities of the church.

These evidences that this is coming is my joy. That the form of faith which this is taking is that of the plain and simple gospel rather than evolution, and a culture based on philosophy and fine-spun theories of authorship and relative values, is a justification of the foundation on which The Expositor was built and the policy it has pursued, that if Jesus Christ is lifted up He will draw all men to Him.

At a time when theological seminaries had reduced the atonement to an example, our soldier boys offered themselves as sacrifices and substituted for us.

When the divinity of Jesus was being questioned in the same class rooms, dying men were rejoicing in the faith in Christ that saved them.

Some Y. M. C. A. workers and some ministers and evangelists of note have been carried away with the enthusiasm of service, and have forgotten that it was not passing out cigarettes that made men whole in faith. They have given the cup of cold water, or hot cocoa but overlooked that Jesus said this cup was to be given in His name.

We short-change the men we minister to if we do not make them know the one who gives us the strength and inspiration to make these self-sacrifices. And they, following our example in their own strength, will soon grow weary, unless they are empowered by Him, who gave his life daily when on earth, and finally as a ransom for many.

With Faith In Him Hold Fast

R. F. Paine, Newspaper Enterprise Association

The other evening one of the most influential lawyers and church laymen in Ohio said this:

"I have almost reached the point where I'm ready to surrender my religion. I can't go much further and believe in the justice of a God who permits this bloody war business to continue. How can I explain or defend the motive of a God who permits the Germans to invent a gun that shoots 70 miles and kills women and children worshipping in a church?"

Hold fast, friend lawyer and churchman.

There comes a time in the affairs of men when all that is material is dead, hopeless material, and the thought, heart and soul of man can turn to the spiritual alone. In the darkness at the bottom of the pit, with man, are man's power to reason, his boasted logic, his moiety of understanding of God's works, his demands for explanation or defense of the Creator's acts and purposes, and man can only look toward the bit of heaven that is still bright and assuring above the mouth of the pit. Hope in his own efforts may be gasping its last breath. Charity may be impossible in times ruled by slaughter and hatred. BUT TO MAN THERE IS ALWAYS LEFT FAITH.

Twenty centuries ago the world was ruled by the few. It was the rule of lust, luxury and oppression, at the expense of the millions. The masses were dogs, or worse, their lives, their very thoughts so fixed by the world-power that they should not, could not, rise above the level of brutes. On the one hand were lust, luxury, force, injustice, wrong, all the possible forms of degeneracy, rampant and dominant. On the other hand were millions of the souls of men, unenlightened and helpless. Hope? These millions had none. Charity? These millions knew it not. BUT FAITH CAME! Christ's spirit went from the cross out among the millions, never to fail those who were athirst and would drink.

In our times, we have what we call a high order of civilization, the product of Christianity. How did it come about and what is it?

Did it come about because men, after Calvary, built big buildings, organized autocracies of financial or political power, made great discoveries and inventions in the material world, developed or improved any of the sources or means of material power, maintaining the doctrine that might is right, in any respect? No!

It came about because men died for liberty's sake, and hence for their brothers, AS THEY'RE DOING TODAY.

It came about because men were butchered or burnt for living up to that greatest of sermons, "Love ye one another!" and his Golden Rule.

It came about because martyrs stood torture and death to prove that right is might, AS MEN ARE BLEEDING AND DYING FOR IT ON THE FIELDS OF FRANCE THIS DAY.

Civilization, Christianity's seed, fruit and harvest has come through the blood and sacrifice of heroes and martyrs, not through the peaceful figuring of profits in the counting house, or the taking of dividends more or less just from concentrated wealth, nor through the advancements in mechanics and sciences. Christianity is brotherhood and liberty, and 'twas for these that Christ drank of the bitter cup.

And are we wholly satisfied when we come to examine closely our present civilization, which we call of a very high order? Materially considered, our status shows remarkable progression. Is it enough to say that men are better housed, fed and clothed than in olden times? Even slaves are usually well cared for—they're valuable. Is our administration of justice impartial? Have we autocracies of wealth or social prestige? Are we all brothers? Are we all born equal, or some of us born to "divine right" to something? HAS OUR CIVILIZATION BEEN DRIFTING TOWARD BRUTAL AUTOCRACY, or toward the common brotherhood for which Christ taught and died?

Does not the answer to these questions lie in the fact that, after 20 centuries of civilizing, it takes all the blood and treasure of Great Britain and Great America, great France and great Italy to hold back from world domination a nation that boldly proclaims the brutal doctrine that might is right and that God is with them to establish it?

The issue in Europe today, and all the sacrifice, heroism and martyrdom are such as Christ saw from his place high up on the cross. Each step toward the universal brotherhood of man is through suffering, blood and sacrifice. Brotherly love and liberty are the cause of christianized civilization, and the sons of Wellington and Bonaparte fight and die side by side for it.

Amiens may fall. The British army may be beaten back home. The French may be eliminated, Italy crushed and all the little nations struggling for freedom be bound. BUT AMERICA MUST HOLD FAST TO FAITH! Her soul is for human liberty. Into her records she has engraved "In God We Trust." In the darkest hour of civilization's rejuvenation, she must believe, SHE MUST BELIEVE!

The right, liberty, fellow-love are God's own. America may not know His will or understand His methods, but she must hold fast to her Faith.

Our Ohio lawyer churchman is almost no longer able to explain the motive of a God who permits the Germans a 70-mile gun. Put a tiny mustard seed in the ground and it will become a tall shrub bearing seed ten thousand fold. Let the wisest amongst us explain that.

"He doeth all things well." This is the beginning, the continuance, and the end. But most of us don't fully grasp it when a great trial or loss impends.

ON HIS PROMISE.

An editor out at Kankakee, Ill., read our recent editorial "With Faith in Him, Hold Fast" and writes us thus:

"My personal belief is that God's promises in His revealed word are to those that love Him. I do not find any promise of the fulfillment of prayer to those who are at enmity to Him. So when I hear the preachers pray and the good laymen pray for God to paralyze the Hun, I ask myself: Did England love God when this war began—England, rum-soaked? Did atheistic France love God? Did America love God, or were we mistaken when we deplored the increase of materialism in this country, the breaking down of the Sabbath and the seeming disregard for things religious by so large a portion of our people? On what ground do we claim the promise of victory?"

Brother editor of Kankakee, on the ground of LOVE—the promise given when the Father created man, the promise renewed when the Son on His cross lifted His eyes and plead, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Hold fast to that promise, all ye doubters who would despair, all ye martyrs whose blood is flowing on the field of battle! Without it, there is no God, no hope, and life is but a brutal, senseless joke upon the primordial germ.

Love is light, liberty, service, brotherhood, civilization, eternity. It is the motive and spirit of creation, be the object a man or a turnip. That man, or woman, has missed one of the superlative joys of life who has never put a seed in the earth, rejoiced when the tender shoot appeared, watered, cultivated, watched, LOVED it, with the innocent delusion that he, or she, had created something. Just so, the Creator plan'd man, to "grow" him, with the promise of love that passeth all our weak understanding.

In this world's war does the issue lie simply between entente human bodies and weapons and those of the Hun? No, there is a spiritual issue, an issue involving the God-given promise of love toward all men. Truth, light, liberty, altruism combat the deceit, darkness, oppression and brutality of autocracy. Love, which must move and rule man to complete the purpose of the Father Creator, is battling for the proposition that the right alone is might and shall prevail. To slay ten million Huns counts naught, if thereby is not destroyed the power that would make men unequal as to rights to justice, liberty and happiness, those life-elements of love.

England? Already, she has a premier risen from the common people; already, her caste and snobbery are beaten down; already, her mighty rich are carrying their proportion of burdens with her many poor; already she is conceding the advantages of home-rule; already, her distress has driven into her arms fellow nations which she has ridden or scorned for centuries. Will she come forth to plunge into rum and ruin, or to rehabilitate and assume a higher, more altruistic attitude toward other peoples of the earth?

France? Atheistic, with all her new ruins and new graves? Doubtful about the goodness of God, while knowing the horror, despair and annihilation from which she will have been saved—saved by America who saves

simply in obedience to the Lord's command that right shall be might?

America? Is she coming out of the martial furnace a materialist, peacefully, in spiritual stagnation, sucking at the bottle of steel, oil and what-not profits? Ask the mothers and wives of our ten millions of boys who are subject to call for service under a banner on which is emblazoned "Freedom, For All, Forever!", for a cause purely, wholly grounded on the Almighty's promise of love of man.

THE CHURCH AND ITS CHANCE

This war will give the church its greatest chance. Will it make good?—REV. CHAS. STELZLE.

When the Israelites, after 400 years of captivity in Egypt, were to depart to conquer "the promised land," they sprinkled blood on the sideposts and door lintels of their homes. Baptized their faith anew in blood.

When at the last supper, Jesus took and raised the cup, he said: "This is my blood—drink ye all of it. For, as oft as ye drink ye shall proclaim my death. Do it till I come again, but when I come, it will be in power—to set up my Kingdom!"

Religious evolution or progression always is accompanied by blood, sacrifice and martyrdom. In the present war there is a clear alignment between Christian civilization and materialism, meaning might is right and backed even by anti-Christ. Spiritually considered, it is a religious war, though not so proclaimed and though undenominational. The Teutonic-Turk proposition that might is right is alone sufficient to give the issue religious significance and standing.

What is the "power" and "kingdom" of Christ's coming again? The strongest power is love. No kingdom lasts that is not based on love.

What do the enormous losses in lives and property in this war mean but that the nations of men must work together, think together more harmoniously than ever before, to rehabilitate? What issues from the frightful suffering and ruins of Belgium, Serbia and Armenia is world-wide sympathy and charity stronger and deeper than mankind ever before felt. How many millions of families will, through their losses of sons, husbands, fathers, brothers, drink from this cup of blood and be drawn away from the material to the spiritual!

Indeed, it will be the church's greatest chance, as Dr. Stelzle says. And, if the merciless, bloody hand of Teuton autocracy seizes all, it will be the church's greatest calamity. Hard the labor, uncertain the fate of the church if ever the hellish doctrine that "Might is Right" rules that part of the world wherein the church has found freedom and opportunity for growth.

All this is not predicting that, after this war, Christ will come again in person to his kingdom. But he says he will not come until in power—until love rules.

(These editorials appeared in the Scripps daily papers in several cities, and also in other papers having the Newspaper, Enterprise Association service. It is the plain gospel, and the clearness and fervor with which it is preached could well be taken as an example by many preachers. See Expositor editorial.—Ed.)

John 3:16—From "By This Sign We Conquer"

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AN OLD PASSWORD

Our boys at the front need food for soul as well as body. And of both kinds of food, they deserve the best. Of this little book, I say no more than this—it is the best I can give to the boys who give all for their country. The best is beyond ourselves and, here, that best is the Friend who goes forth to battle with the worst of us, if we desire Him. I am a journalist—what you in America call a newspaper man—but I see no reason why the Saviour of the world should be denied "the publicity" with which we surround senators and singers and actors. He is more interesting than them all. He is closer to us than them all. He well deserves all that the best of us can ever say about Him.

When I was a boy twenty-five years ago, no sermon seemed to be complete unless it contained a reference to "John-Three-Sixteen." On both sides of the ocean, this little text was, beyond all question, the most familiar verse in the Bible. It was the theme of Dwight L. Moody and it was the theme of Charles Haddon Spurgeon.

As I recall these memories, I forget about the many historic speeches that I have heard in our British Houses of Parliament, and my mind is carried back to a little chapel by the riverside, in a gray old town, northwards, where rich and poor sat together every Sunday, not many in numbers, but strangely united, because they trembled at the knowledge of their sins and rejoiced over God's redemption. Since those days I have seen much of life, including the seamy aspects of it, and, among other lessons, I have learned that "John-Three-Sixteen," which was the keystone of our faith in the little chapel by the riverside, has gone out of fashion. I know not how it may be in your country but, in mine, there are not many addresses and sermons which today mention "John-Three-Sixteen," unless it be with a kind of apology. It is like a seed that has fallen into the ground and died. And it does not occur to us that amid the harrowing of war, the time may come when it will spring up again and yield a rich harvest of repentance and comfort.

Some people dismiss "John-Three-Sixteen" because they say that it is only one of the utterances or—as they like to put in—"logia" of the Fourth Gospel, which, in their opinion, is a document of no value as history, being inspired solely by some controversy with heretics, whose name, at the moment, I need not recall. In the past, we have all been a little impressed by this show of erudition, but, for some reason or other, we are today very suspicious of theories made in Germany. Whatever we may think of other German imports, I, for one, decline any longer to bow to the spectacled Teuton as an authority on Truth, and I refer the entire race of higher critics, one and all, to Louvain, Lille, and the Lusitania as facts to be explained before we are required, at the bidding of the Professors, who for half a century have Prussianized our theologians, to tear up the Fourth Gospel, as if the treaty or covenant between God and man were a mere scrap of paper. From this bad dream war has sud-

denly aroused us, and the higher critics of the nineteenth century will go the way of the early heretics, the later schoolmen, and the rationalists—indeed, of all who by pride of intellect seek to obscure the simplicity of our Salvation. For what is the trouble with modern Germany? There has never been a cleverer nation or a more patriotic nation, or a thriftier and more orderly nation, or in their way a more domesticated nation. If, then, Germany has gone so grievously astray, it is solely because she has thrown "John-Three-Sixteen" and all the truth that gathers round it into the waste-paper baskets of her universities. She has refused to believe that God loves the world—all nations in the world; that Jesus is God's gift to all mankind; that without Him, however wise we are, we perish; and that with Him, however foolish we may be, we have everlasting life.

* * *

To Moses, in the loneliness of the mountain, God was a burning enthusiasm, lighting up men's hearts, like the bush that flamed so fiercely, yet was not consumed. To Joshua, God was an Armed Ally, with sword drawn. To David, devoted to a guilty passion, God was the voice of a prophet, saying, "Thou art the man." To Elijah—staggering, as our soldiers stagger, under the shock of earthquake, wind, and fire—God was the still small voice of courage and duty amid danger. To Hagar, in the desert, watching her son, as the lad perished with thirst, God was a present help—a very present help in trouble. That, I say, was a great insight by the Jews, and they have it to this day. Without country, without king, without army or navy or citizenship, and, alas, without their Messiah, this miraculous race increases and prospers, scattered but indestructible, because of this passionate faith in the presence of God. Be very sure that He is near us, that He hears what we say, sees what we do, perceives what we think, understands what we suffer. "John-Three-Sixteen" confronts us, bluntly, boldly, unanswerably, with the fact of God. Wherever your boys may go, whatever tragedy may develop them, suddenly there flames amid the gloom this Personal, All-Knowing, All-Seeing Presence. They will find that they are not alone, that Another is with them.

* * *

If you wish to know why a man or a woman acts in a particular way, you inquire first into their character, and unless all our poets and painters and fairy-tales and dramas are wholly mistaken, the most powerful of all motives in the world is love. We feel instinctively that the love of father for child, of child for mother, of husband for wife, of sister for brother, of a sailor for his ship, a boy for his school, a soldier for his regiment—this all-pervasive esprit de corps, as the French put it—is the normal thing. Hatred is love interrupted. Vice is love degraded. Jealousy is love reversed. Justice is love vindicated. Cruelty is love insulted. Pride is love veneered. All wrongs in the world are denials of love, and the reason why God delights in

His creatures is that God is Love. Why Florence Nightingale left her dignified and well-ordered home to face the miseries of the Crimea is as great a mystery in its way as the coming or gift of Christ, until we remember that this woman was thus great because she knew the love of God in Christ, and was obedient to it.

* * *

As Nicodemus learned, we must be born all over again. We must be constantly telling others of the Gift. We must be enthusiasts, heroes, missionaries, martyrs, toilers, sufferers—because of the joy that is set before us. Like Our Lord, we must be ready to endure the Cross.

I say "we," but mean "you"—if you want it still more plainly, "thou"—"whosoever" thou art. For while God loved the world, which is a big place and an ancient place—boundless in space and time—He suddenly turns His eye from everything else on to the individual, and says, "Whosoever." And He leaves the past and the future, limiting Himself to the present, for it is "whosoever believeth." I like that "whosoever," yet am a little afraid of it. It means the native races whom we have taught to fight, but not always to pray. It means the Russian, with his icons, his strange enthusiasms, his curious instability. It means the Frenchman, with his *Liberte, Egalite, Fraternite*. It means the German, with blood on his hands and conscience. It means the American with his passion for citizenship, for justice, for freedom. And it means me. What is more, it means colored man and Russian and Frenchman and German and American and me, not as we were when war broke out or as we shall be when peace is restored, but as we are, locked in deadly strife. It means me, as I am now—at this very moment.

A few years ago, we would not have admitted, perhaps, that the world was perishing. We seemed to be growing richer—to be discovering new sources—to be developing the untracked forest—to be exploiting the unscaled mountains. But we now see that our discoveries and inventions were like the accumulating forces of a mighty volcano. Some day, the passions of men would catch fire, a tremendous upheaval would wreck cities and provinces compared with which Pompeii was a village. Our wealth would vanish in the smoke. We did not foresee this; we smiled at "John-Three-Sixteen"; but it has come to pass. And although the eruption of this our European Vesuvius will doubtless spend itself, and we shall return to the lava-flooded and still smoking slopes of our warm and fertile mountain, who dares to suggest that we and our children will be immune from calamities even more grievous? Let me put a case. We are teaching all the arts of war to China and Japan and India. In India and China and Japan there are many hundreds of millions of active, ingenious, intrepid people. What a perishing of the world there would be if, twenty, thirty, sixty years hence, the mighty and mysterious East were to develop a grievance against an unfaithful Christendom! Think what would be their argument. "You gave us guns," they would say, "and warships, and flaming gas, and you inspired us with your

own zeal for money, luxury, power, but you never thought of bringing to us the gift of Christ, which was our right as much as yours. You kept it to yourselves. So now, having received from you quite another type of gift, we hurl back on Christians the ammunition invented by Christians. Since you left us to perish, we will take good care that we do not perish by ourselves." Let us make no mistake about it, the world has drifted into terrible danger. We may frame treaties, and discuss secret diplomacy and all the rest of it, but if we will not bow the knee to the Prince of Peace, our arrangements will be rent asunder like gossamer, and one war will be only a prelude to other wars far more destructive.

THE ALLIED CAUSE.

So it comes to this—whether we live in one hemisphere or another, we must perish, or we must believe. Not only will our beautiful buildings be threatened, and our pictures, and music, and games, and liberties, but what is far more important—our capacity for enjoying and appreciating these things. In Germany, the rejection of Christ has meant, not only a brutal militarism, but a sacrifice of native genius. Literature and music and painting have almost ceased, except as statecraft, which is death to art. As the Apostle Paul realized, everything of value is summed in Our Saviour, and without Him everything of value is in jeopardy.

* * *

And what is believing? Our motto says that seeing is believing, but what Jesus said was the exact opposite—"Blessed are those who have not seen, and yet have believed." Faith means "seeing the invisible"—the soul within the body; the anger behind the murder; the avarice behind the fortune; the Almighty Father behind the events of history; and Our Lord Himself, waiting patiently at the door of our hearts, and ever seeking admittance. We used to sing a hymn, "There is life for a look at the Crucified One," and it may be that some of us derived from it the impression that belief in the Redeemer is a casual glance, an emotion that passes rapidly from the surface of our hearts, a flitting vision. I agree that, to some extent, it is an instantaneous matter—this conversion, this believing. Some hearts resemble a photographic plate which is exposed once, and is, in a fraction of a second, stamped indelibly with a picture that cannot afterwards be altered—just one aspect of the scene or person. If you are somebody like that, then, I bid you not to be disobedient to what St. Paul called "the heavenly vision," but you should also remember that, binding as was Paul's first view of Our Lord, changed as was his entire outlook thereby, he did not rest content with it. He devoted years to the study of Our Lord from every point of view.

* * *

As one looks at Holman Hunt's pictures, one knows that he believed in Christ. It is in Christ that his art endures. And we ought, with the same perseverance, to study the lineaments of Our Saviour until they are formed, not on canvas, or with pigments, but on "the fleshy tables of our hearts." Christ

on stained glass or in the form of a crucifix will not save us. We must admit Him to the shrine within. And this is what is meant by believing on Him.

And if this great gift of so strong and faithful a Friend is worth our having, what right have we to complain if it costs us time and trouble? We spend thousands of dollars on making a man a doctor and other thousands on making him a soldier; it takes years to train a baseball player, or an engineer, or a musician. Why should we expect to be all that Christ wants us to be in five minutes? Belief is a look—that is true; but it is also a breath, it is spiritual, and when men live, they go on breathing.

* * *

To read the Bible requires some courage nowadays, some concentration of mind, some setting aside of other interests. But such reading is the one thing that our world of today needs.

Which brings me to the final question—in what way the gift of Our Lord guarantees to us what "John-Three-Sixteen" calls "eternal life." Certain it is that Our Saviour came, not only to dwell, but to die in our midst. It had to be so. John Howard would never have reformed the prisons of Europe if he had not braved the jail fevers of which in the end he died. Father Damien would never have convinced the lepers of God's love and mercy if he had not touched their sores and suffered in his own body their terrible contagion. And Jesus could not have included the dying thief in His "Whosoever" if He had not been his neighbor on the Cross. As He lived with us, so He died with us, and this sacrifice of His body and soul was the measure of His love. But was that all? When "John-Three-Sixteen" used to be fashionable, we were told that He died not only with us, but for us, which seem to carry us a step further, for greater love hath no man than this, that a man may lay down his life for his friends. That was the love of Christ; indeed, it was more than this, for he laid down his life for friends and foes alike—for the soldiers who pierced Him, the priests who reviled Him, the rabble who mocked Him, quite as much as for the disciples who worshipped Him. Thousands of gallant men have already gone forth bravely to die for their country, and all honor to them. They think of America—how she has stood for justice, for liberty, for home, for laughter—and they sing merrily as they trudge forward to the trenches. Jesus died for a country, not for a creed, not for an ideal. He died, as it were, for one man, one woman—whosoever he or she may be—and if there had been no more than one man or one woman, he would still have died, for he loved to the uttermost, he searched for the hundredth sheep—Of them that Thou gavest Me," said he, "I have not lost one."

For this word, guilt, is one which today is constantly upon our lips. We speak of guilty monarchs, guilty nations, guilty soldiers, and we are very certain that there can be no conclusive peace unless stern retribution is visited on the offenders. We are finding out that Love and Wrath are twin children of Justice, and we dislike the conscientious objector who professes the one without the other. Do we seri-

ously imagine that Our Father can love the world as he does without exhibiting what is called in the Bible "the wrath of God?" Take our planet at its best. There is plenty of room for everybody, yet multitudes of us are overcrowded. There is plenty of food for everybody, yet multitudes go hungry. There is an abundance of good books and music and art which the few only are taught to enjoy. In mind and body, or both, our race is stunted, oppressed, defrauded. Do you think that God is blind? Suppose that you are the father or mother of a family, and that one of your children was a cripple. What would be your "wrath" if the other sons and daughters denied to this backward or afflicted one his share of the patrimony which was meant for all? "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these My little ones, ye did it unto Me," is what Jesus said—did it, mind you, whether it be bad or good. While we withhold one syllable of God's good tidings, with all that they mean of social equity, physical and mental advancement, and removal of ancient wrongs, from our workers, our native fellow-citizens—yes, and our enemies in the field—we may rest assured that we need pardon for our sins.

And true pardon is expensive. If a murderer is reprieved it is not because the prisoner is guilty, but because his guilt in law is mitigated by extenuating circumstances, as between man and man. What we need is pardon when there are no extenuating circumstances, and this is a costly matter. For we have within us a judge—that is, our conscience—than which none could be sterner, when the facts are fairly faced. Sometimes there is a good deal of argument in court, and we trust that our case may be obscured by mists of philosophy. Others of us flee from justice to pleasure, ambition, excitement, success and no escape for a while. But there are, all over the world, countless men and women from whose minds this responsibility for evil cannot be thus thrust aside. Some of them torture themselves. Others confess to an earthly priest. Others, again, believe that there is an efficient substitute for the true culprits in the sacrifice of bulls and goats. The craving for some kind of atonement is instinctive to the whole of mankind. Even in law there is the principle that if an innocent man suffer punishment for a crime which he did not commit, the guilty one goes free. "John 3:16" invites us to abandon our philosophy, our pleasures, our ceremonies, as the escape from conscience, and accept Jesus Christ as a "Gift"—once made, for all people, of every time, and offered not by the clergy, or by the churches, but by God himself. That "Gift"—living within us—is our eternal life. He is Prince of Peace—a conclusive peace—not alone between man and man, but between man and God.

THOUGHT POWER

"I was out motoring the other day."

"So?"

"Yes; and I came to a river, but could find no means of getting my machine across."

"Well, what did you do?"

"Oh, I just sat down and thought it over."
Christian science? Hey?

"Our Gage of Battle"

H. W. Lewis, Dallas, Texas

Let us suppose that the great armies of the Allies in the French and Flanders front are appealed to, to send some of their best leaders and a goodly proportion of their forces for an emergency on some other front, and while those leaders and men are gone for that emergency, the Germans make their mightiest strike in Flanders and France; this would illustrate for you what I see is facing the Christian Church today.

Through the struggle of the centuries of the Christian Church to build into the world the truths of righteousness, including "democracy," we are suddenly called in a crisis of the world's movement, to send many of our men to another land for one of the present battle lines. Our youth have gone, our physicians and our preachers have gone, for the best of the moral and spiritual leadership must be used there; now while they are absent and the interest of every nation is upon that field, sin takes advantage and the same evil that expresses itself in the German forces of autocracy and brutality, makes its advance against the living truth of the Son of God here; the effort is subtle and mighty. The attack must be met. The church needs this hour such a call for fighting and advancing against all evil as it has never had in any age of the past. She must recruit as never before, train as never before, sacrifice as never before, and her people must enforce righteousness in every place at all times as they have never done in the past.

We have been told that the furnishing of cigarettes to our soldiers is a little matter and too small for contention amidst the great world struggle; we are told that the doing away of the liquor traffic hinders the more important matters of our military efforts. These statements but illustrate some of the most subtle efforts of sin to destroy the very principles among us for which we battle abroad. Do not let anyone say to you it is a little matter that the soldiers are sent their millions of cigarettes (even though multitudes of men did not want them and protested that they would rather have a bar of chocolate), even though thousands of our men were thus tempted to smoke, who had never used these "coffin nails." Do not be fooled by the sophistry that because the Y. M. C. A. has done its part to furnish this poison to our men, and our own Ladies' Aid Societies have been beguiled into packing them in the Christmas boxes of our boys, that therefore this is any less curse to our country than it was before the war or that the tobacco trust which has so assiduously backed this nationwide propaganda, is therefore, a real, patriotic, God-sent blessing to our men.

If we should fail to realize that all the battles in the great movement of humanity Godward in which the Church was engaged when the war began, are real battles, some day we shall weaken to find that we have but sent our best men to another battle only to lose at home, to the same forces with which they contended there, the mighty struggle of which their battle is after all but a portion.

Fight on, against any tobacco trust that dares to make such a crucial hour as this its hour of personal gain and evil propaganda; **fight on**, against the forces that would delay the liquor traffic's death because of war; **fight on**, for the delivery of childhood from the commercial slavery of greed; **fight on**, against the forces of graft and profiteering that rob the individual as well as the government and the soldier; **fight on**, against the Hell that wrecks the homes of our land with the divorce suits by the hundreds of thousands; **fight on**, against the forces that would take from the race the God-decreed day of spiritual uplift and advancement; **fight on**, against the scourge of the Social Evil that is baffling the powers of the physicians and all other forces of good—that mortgages a future generation under sufferings and sorrows, unnameable. **Fight on**, against the Hell in individual hearts; **fight on**, against the personal liberty of licensed sin; **fight on**, everywhere and every hour, for the forces of sin are not only "Over There," but in the midst of us, and they are choosing this hour of our depleted forces, for their greatest strike.

With our physicians gone, our preachers and our noblest men gone, the struggle of our churches has intensified and evil has become more arrogant. We have suffered already, big defeats. One hundred and fifty thousand children have been taken captive from our Sunday Schools in our own Methodist Church alone, since the war began. Many of them will be trained in the world's school of infidelity and some in the underworld of crime. We have lost a great law for the protection of children in the Supreme Court of the United States. Our steps backward may soon become a rout unless we tell evil that "it cannot pass."

Fight on, for the day may be ours if we are true; **fight on**, for never has the call of God challenged as it does today; **fight on**, for the men who battle for us and our on a foreign field, may well demand that we at home shall also dare and do. **Fight on**, for this is the hour of battle and cowards here and defeat at home can easily neutralize the greatest victory "Over There." They are engaged in no local battle. Ours here is a part of the same warfare and world around the forces of sin expressed in autocracy and brute force, or broken homes, or hearts of hatred; in the cancer of individual degeneracy or of a nation's sloth, are the same hell-bred forces of man's eternal foe, "for we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places," and we must fight until the better day shall dawn, the day of Christian Righteousness, of Truth, of Love, and World-wide Brotherhood, shall be established throughout the world.

Our Greatest Foe.

There is really only one nation that the United States should be afraid of in this war, and that is procrastination.—St. Louis Star.

A Fictitious Opinion

The author of "John Ward Preacher" sneers at those who cannot see the religion of Christ in the dance.

In the *Woman's Home Companion* for July, page 14, Margaret Deland in an article "Napoleon and Others" makes some interesting comment, witty and sarcastic and pathetic as to American war relief workers in France, mentioning one officer, who wanted to charter the Lusitania and "ship 'em all back to the port she came from." She emphasizes the appreciation of a regular soldier for a red-headed Y. M. C. A. secretary, who had "danced with the boys and played checkers and sung 'Hail, hail, the gang's all here' until he was pale with fatigue." Then she gives the tribute of an Indiana boy to the older women: "These ladies," he said—and suddenly his young lip quivered—"why sometimes I—I feel just like putting my arms around 'em and hugging 'em like I would my mother."

Then with a burst of sarcasm or rancor, she italicizes:

"But there are others. There are arrogant small-minded men, who can see the religion of Jesus at a prayer meeting, but cannot see it in a dance or a foot-ball game and who ought, themselves, to be in the trenches."

Men in religious work in France, physically fit, have been ordered into military service and no one is now accepted for religious work, within the draft age, fit or unfit. If any have slipped through, Mrs. Deland should report them to some officer.

The question is, are men arrogant and small-minded, who cannot see the religion of Jesus in a dance. Possibly some of the "flirtatious, selfish girls of whom she complains, were made so because the only "religion" they had was in their feet and not in their hearts, heads or hands.

As to what the religion of Jesus is in, or is not in, we have the gospels, and a long line of philanthropic works, that have proven its presence by results. Jesus was at homes and at weddings, but all the time he was showing the joy of unselfish service. And certainly dancing is not unselfish. It is not only selfish, but in many cases sensual. One church, which has most excellent means for knowing the results of the effect of the dance on the younger members of its flock, has put the ban on it. Another great church has decided, that, not only is the religion of Jesus not in the dance, but that the religion of self and selfishness is in it, and when selfishness is full-blown, it produces lust. Loving service has its roots in unselfishness.

But Mrs. Deland may have in mind another Jesus. The Jesus that these churches have in mind and that most of the workers, who are giving themselves daily in France and here at home in the army camps have in mind, is the Jesus of the gospels.

There are many persons, some of strong mental bent, who have made their own Jesus, but unlike the idol maker, they work not in wood or stone or metal, but work in wax. This is convenient, for as their ideas change, they can mold their waxen Jesus to suit their changing thought.

The religion of a Jesus who was not divine, no more than man, or the religion of a Jesus who, in giving his life, did no redemptive work, or the religion of a Jesus to whom sin was not to be fought until the world was made safe, the religion of that kind of a Jesus might be in the dance, without inconsistency.

The dance is not, except in exceptional cases an amusement or recreation of the home. There might be religion in the Indiana boy hugging one of the women workers as his mother. It would depend upon the kind of a boy he was, clean or spotted. But would he dance as he danced with his mother or sister?

Mrs. Deland does not specify what forms of dance she deems most conducive to the presence of the religion of Jesus—round or square, the fox-trot or the bunny-hug. This would prove valuable to social workers and might change the views of the Vice Commission of Chicago as to the moral effect of the dances on the levee. Investigations of the occasions or causes of illegitimacy, would need to change their views of the tendencies or causes, resulting from public dances. Whatever may finally be determined as to the actual physiological effects of dancing, at present it is decidedly questionable, and there are certainly sufficient genuine avenues of service for those who are followers of Jesus Christ, that they need not take up dancing, or take dancing lessons in order to prove their worth to mankind, or as a test of discipleship.

The religion of Jesus Christ is four square. It extends up to God as far as it extends outward to man. When you spread it all out and not up, you obtain breadth but no depth. The religion of Jesus Christ in the dance is, to say the least, a shallow characterization of it.

It might be better to be small-minded, devoted to one thing, than shallow-minded, spread out to a great many things. The expression of the religion of Jesus in the dance is not Christian and doesn't go far enough to suit the pantheist.

(If you are in Mrs. Deland's classification of "arrogant, small-minded men," ask the editor of *The Woman's Home Companion*, Fourth Ave., New York to put you on the list.—Ed.)

APPRECIATION

"So ye be gaun to lave us, passum," said an old lady to a vicar. "Yes, Sarah," he replied; "I'm getting on in years, and they can not hear me at the end of the church." "Hear'e! Sure that don't matter so long as we can see ye; and you know, passun, 'tain't the pigs that squeaks the loudest makes the best bacon."

(Continued from page 874.)

A sergeant in a base camp some time ago was returning to his unit after being wounded twice. He was, as we have it in Scotland, "fey." A presentiment was upon him that he would not come back, and to all optimistic prophecies he turned a deaf ear. "But," he said, "I don't mind. It's going to be a better world for the kiddies afterwards."

A NOVELTY IN SERVICE FLAGS

The Baptist church at Centerville, Iowa, has an original and beautiful idea for flag memorials for those of their number who have responded to their country's call. It was designed by the pastor, J. O. Staples.

Instead of one flag with many stars they have a handsome hand-made silk flag for each soldier or sailor. The blue star is painted on the center of the white field and is large enough to carry a small photograph of the one whom it represents. The name of the one in service is painted in gold on a blue silk pennant which hangs from the top of the staff. A half-circle staff holder was made and into this the staffs of the flags are inserted. There is a slight outward lean to the staff when standing in the holder and this causes the flag to roll in such a manner that the star and photograph are always in view. Beneath the group of service flags are two crossed and tastefully draped United States flags, and in the center of the staff holder, rising above the service flags, is another emblem of the cause to which they have devoted their lives—a large silk "Old Glory."

Eighteen flags were dedicated, representing fifteen soldiers and three sailors. The G. A. R., accepted an invitation to participate in the dedication services, and relatives of the men were present to carry the flags to the platform. Those who were to present the flags met in a room in the rear of the auditorium where they were organized, and then they marched in as the congregation sang "America." The commander of the G. A. R. stood upon the platform to receive the flags, and as each one was handed to him he placed the staff with its banner in position in the stag holder. The first flag was presented by a father who said,—"This is the flag of my son who is in the



officers' training school at Camp Mac Arthur." The second,—by a sister saying, "This is the flag of my brother who is in the navy," and then she recited the tender little poem, "The Face in the Star." There were two other recitations during the presentation of the flags,—

"The Kid Has Gone to the Colors," and "Since You Went Away." When all the flags were in place, the Men's Gospel Team marched down the aisle singing, "Keep the Old Flag Flying," and during the chorus to the first verse, the leader presented "Old Glory" for its place in the center, and above the group. It proved to be an impressive and delightful service.

Since these flags were dedicated ten more have enlisted, or have been called, and one young woman has gone to France for Y. M. C. A. canteen service. Their flags are being made and will be dedicated with appropriate exercises.

This group of service and United States flags makes a beautiful ornament for the audience room of the church, and the photographs which are constantly in view seem to bring the loved ones nearer, and remind the worshipper that all who are in Christ are an unbroken family, though serving in many and distant lands.

CARTOON BULLETIN BOARD.

Barberton, O.

I am inclosing a photo of the "Cartoon Bulletin Board," one that attracts instant attention and serves as a public utility.

It stands seven feet high, is furnished with an excellent clock (provided free of charge by the jeweler) and also a large, smooth slate that gives ample room for all announcements, order of service and cartoon.

I use soft crayon provided especially for cartoon work and it is wonderful how quickly the announcement and cartoons can be placed upon the board.

You can hardly appreciate the cartoon in this dull picture as it fails to bring out the colors; the upper part of it reveals a gold lettered banner in a blue field or sky, the lower part, a procession of multicolored banners leading up through green fields to the church on the hill. It was, of course, our Rally Day announcement and large crowds of people stood before the church viewing the banners of the various organized classes. My little girl, Maurine Hasseltine Wilson (less than three), who is an enthusiastic Sunday School attendant, stands at the left of the board. The board fits in with the general surroundings and adds to the attractiveness of the entire church front. The man at the right of the board has been a subscriber to the Expositor from its first issue (under another name) and shows his appreciation of the magazine by a three years' renewal.

W. H. Wilson, Pastor.



Many Called—Few Choice

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN

In Matthew's gospel we read the significant phrase "Many are called but few are chosen." We can substitute the word **choice** for **chosen** without doing violence to the text. **Many are called but few are choice.** Many are called but few **measure** up. Many are called but few pass the **examination**. The test of discipleship is severe. The work is strenuous. "If any one would come after me let him **deny** himself and **take up his cross**." Self denial and cross bearing are the marks of a good soldier of Jesus Christ. He must endure hardness. No mission must be too hazardous, no burden too heavy and no problem too complex. No hill must be too steep and no journey too far. For the soldier enlisted in the divine army there are no flowery beds of ease, and no dress parades. His sword must always be drawn and his hand must always be ready to strike. The enemy never sleeps, never takes a holiday, is always vigilant, ever keen, alert, subtle, crafty, treacherous and unprincipled. He shows no mercy and knows no compassion, and has no honor. The Christian's battle song is "My Soul Be on My Guard." He will be persecuted for righteousness, and men will speak all manner of evil against him for Jesus' sake. But he knows that he is blessed and he is to be exceedingly glad for so persecuted they the prophets before him. The call of Jesus is a challenge to his manhood and all the iron and red blood that is in him. The call of the Master is for him to do, and dare, and if needs be, for him to die. Obedience is the watchword. Loyalty is the slogan. Concentration is the necessity. These are the marks of one who will be ranked among those who are **Choice**. The church needs such souls. The church needs such members if it is to realize the ideals and accomplish the aims of its founder. To be a worker and a promoter of the Kingdom requires heroism. Heroism is needed today if ever. It means something to be a Christian in this stage of the world's history. The church can only win its battles, and have its say and make men feel its sway by **heroism**. "The best evidence for Christianity is a Christian," said Henry Drummond. "The best way in which to express the Christian life is by **heroism**. Only the **choice** are heroic. Only the heroic life is a beautiful life, for heroism is beauty in action. Only the active Christian life is the life worth while. It is not alone active on Sundays but between Sundays. It not only prays but it works. It not alone says, but it does. It holds a service and does a service. It has a creed and expresses itself in deed. It has emotion and spends it in motion. It preaches and it practices. Its visions are translated into tasks and its life is summed up in those words that express the life of its Master, "**he went about doing good**."

Many are called to such a life. Many respond. But as it was true in the early days, so is it today. Many, having lost their first glow of enthusiasm are no longer in evidence. One of the saddest books in a pastor's study

is the church record. Pondering over the long lists of names he is prone to ask, "where are the nine, were there not ten healed?" Where are the hundreds and the thousands who have not been removed by death or letter? What a congested population there must be in the far country! How mournful the lament of Paul: "Demas hath forsaken me, having loved this present world." Is it any wonder that the Master Preacher burdened his sermons with stories about the lost sheep, the lost coin and the lost boy? Is it any wonder that the angels sing to evidence the joy in heaven when one sinner is reclaimed? A deserter in the army is shot, but one who defects from the army of God meets a worse than death penalty. He condemns himself, when he allows his soul to become enmeshed in the quicksands of an unrighteous life. To break one's word to the army of one's country is treason. What shall we say concerning treason to God? As Jesus wept over Jerusalem, so must he weep over New York and Chicago and San Francisco and the teeming metropolitan centers of this twentieth century with their white ways, amusement palaces, saloons, brothels and gambling hells. With their crowded secular affairs and empty churches; with their starving souls, and the Bread of Life so near. With the thirsty souls, perishing and the overflowing well so near! With the destitution and desolation and misery the leprosy of sin, with the Medicine so near! No wonder the world is plunged in blood! But are we to thank God that many in Israel have not bowed their knees to Baal. We are to rejoice that many who were called are still **choice**. It is this that cheers us, fans our fires, gives us hope and courage.

Bright affluent spirits breathing but to bless
Whose presence cheers men's eyes and warms
their hearts,

Whose lavish goodness this old world renews
Like the free sunshine and the liberal air.

It is such as these, Christian heroes, who prevent us from becoming pessimists and throwing up our hands and asking "what's the use?" It is true, they are in the minority. They are the **old guard**, they are the **faithful few**. They are the **choice ones**. They are our helpers and regenerators, the architects of our liberties, the pioneers of our civilization, the founders of its laws, the champions of its rights, the avengers of its wrongs, the apostles of the Christ, and the ambassadors of His kingdom. Men and women who rejoice to spend and be spent for their fellows. They stand in a thousand mission fields, on the frontiers and fringes of the crowded ways and in the city slums and backwoods places, feeling that whatever God had lent them of wealth, or knowledge or power or privilege, was lent them in trust for humanity. They delight in service for the weak and are willing to burn out for God that they might glorify God and give light to their fellow men and women. We are daily hearing from them, not that they publish their comings or goings, but that others speak and write of their service. They are daily adding new chapters to the Acts of the

Apostles. Theirs are the Acts of Jesus through his Twentieth Century Apostles. Of many we will never learn. That they exist we know. The salt of their lives are saving their environments from corruption, they are the **leaven** of their surroundings and the **light** of their particular abiding places. Their names are not written in the literature of our day but they are written in the records of Heaven. They have checked the eagerness of personal desire, renounced the struggle for personal ends, broken loose from the meshes of trivial things, that they might emancipate themselves from every fetter which would hamper their freedom, and impoverish the holy passion of their labors. We can regard them as **sermons in shoes, living Epistles and the Word made flesh**. Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven. But these come not out but by prayer and fasting.

We have heard much concerning **Social Service**. In itself it is a wonderful thing. As a phrase it has fallen from grace. It has degenerated in a high sounding phrase, signifying nothing, but an adornment for sermonic utterance and platform endeavor. Like most sibilant speech, it is pleasing to the ear in convention and in drawing room Bible Classes. But is the meaning of the phrase enriching our lives? Is it enriching the life of our church? There is an apparent inconsistency in talking **social service**, and discussing **social service** and not interpreting **Social Service**, for **social service** is not anything at all until it is **social service**. Unless we illustrate it, it is null and void. Unless it is manifested in Christ-like deeds, it is like knowing **about** Christ instead of **knowing** him. We can admire and praise and discuss Him and regard Him as a Great Teacher and a Good Man—we can do all that and not emulate Him. To admire, praise, discuss, and look upon him as a teacher and a good man is something. But it is not all. Neither is it very much, until we accept Him as the Son of God and our Saviour and attempt to be like Him. And we cannot be like Him until we know Him. We must know Him vitally and experimentally. We must know Him and the power of His resurrection, grace and fellowship. He must be our guide and mentor, the captain of our salvation, ruler of our lives, controller of our destinies. To know Him in such manner is to be a member of that class of people whom Mrs. Humphrey Ward calls "The Certain People," when she was alluding to "the people called Methodists." And as a controlling doctrine in Methodism is Assurance. George Jackson said: "God help 'the people called Methodists, and any other people who do not know these things.'" We can hear sermons about Jesus Christ and tell the minister how much we enjoyed them and we can sing "I'll go where you want me to go dear Lord," and then go home to the Sunday Supplement, a hearty dinner and a nap. We can sing "I'll do what you want me to do dear Lord," and do nothing. Whatever must be done is done by the **chosen** who are **choice**. Were it not for them the energetics of the Kingdom would not advance. There would be no Sunday School Teachers, no Epworth League leaders, no missionary societies and nothing of anything. And in many places we have just that. The true

Christian is a **Compelled** man or woman. Urged by the divine **push** the holy spirit prompting, they feel with Paul that necessity is laid upon them. Then with Peter and John "we cannot but speak the things we have seen and heard." As Emerson said: "Every great man is a compelled man. What he did he did because he must." And a true Christian is a great man. His Christianity and Christ like proclivities is the greatness of God in him. "Not I but Christ in me." Not the church but Christ in the church, will win the world for God. When the woman touched the hem of Christ's garment she was healed because Christ was in it. **When the world touches the church it will be healed if Christ is in it**. The church is an aggregation of individuals. Each individual must be born again, converted. A converted man or woman is always heroic. We have many, but we have not enough. Thanking God for what we have, let us petition him for more. Not until we have **more than enough** will we make any kind of an impression. Already has the church made herself felt and a power, but we will never take the world for Jesus Christ, and go "over the top" until we have men and women who are like the

"Men whom we build our love round
like an arch

Of triumph, as they pass us on their
way

To glory and immortality."

Well is it said that "in mediative hours when we blend despair of ourselves with complaint of the world, the biographies of such men are as the visits of angels sent to strengthen us." Like celestial fire-pillars they arise aloft and shed the splendour of their influence on all the generations which come after them. The call of Jesus is not for the weak, anaemic, negative, vacillating. When our rising generation realizes this then will the recruits enlist by the hundreds of thousands. When our young men and women awaken to the fact that the call is for the brave, adventure loving and an opportunity for the chivalrous, heroic and strong they will respond. When they are made aware of the "bright eyes of danger," and see the vision splendid," they will say "Here am I send me." When they are pointed to the distress and misery that lurk in the "Smoke of a thousand villages where no missionary has ever been" they will go at once. When they have been presented with an actual picture of reeking tenements and "Squalid city streets" they will descend to the "mud and scum of things" in search of that which "always, always, sings." When they see the "beauty of holiness" and are set on fire with records of our missionary annals they will speak with "tongues of flame." The men and women, young and old, need to be told with renewed emphasis the story of these servants of Christ who under the sacred ordination of His pierced hands have devoted their all to the service of humanity. Called, choice in a thousand ministries they have created moral climates, changed the habits of all with whom they came in contact, cheered the despondent, gave hope to the dying, fed the hungry, clothed the naked, administered

(Continued on page 896.)

METHODS OF CHURCH WORK

E. A. KING

One of the most difficult of months is now before us. August is a rather disagreeable month most anywhere for the church and the preacher. In warm climates there are unusual difficulties and the automobile plays havoc with church attendance. We can do several things in the face of these conditions, but in no case are we justified in "laying down" on the proposition.

One of the best methods would be to arrange for out-of-door Sunday evening services. We believe union services with other congregations would prove wonderfully helpful. In this way both churches and pastors share the responsibilities alike, and the fact of uniting in fellowship meetings sets a good example before the public and prepares the way for union and fraternity bound to come as one result of the war.

Several years ago a young minister in the middle west wrote us regarding his personal experiences. He prepared an open lot in the rear of his church building by putting in rough seats, electric lights, etc., even against the judgment of his trustees. People came in large numbers and the offerings more than paid all the expenses. He preached gospel sermons and the hot period was about the most successful season the church has ever experienced.

There is no good reason why the hot weather should be permitted to completely spoil the work and influence of the church. Many things can be done out-of-doors to the great delight of everybody. Leaders are needed, however, for no minister can be expected to carry the load alone. Repeatedly, in this department, we have urged churches to plan for their summer work in the winter and train a band of special helpers for the summer season.

* * *

These are strenuous days for ministers. In addition to sermon preparation, and the necessary pastoral calling, there are community interests and innumerable committees and speaking engagements. Every minister must do his share of war work service, and it is very important that ministers be counted among the leaders. In order to be prepared, and to be able to speak with authority the minister should read as widely as possible. We are suggesting a number of books for August reading, and here name a few that we think every minister should read: "Studies of the Great War," Newell Dwight Hillis. (Revell Co., New York, \$1.20.) This is a series of ten lectures on "What Each Nation Has at Stake." It is informing and illuminating. There are two others, entirely different, that are wonderfully helpful. One is "The Glory of the Trenches," by Coningsby Dawson. (John Lane Co., New York, \$1.00), and "The Soul of the Soldier," by Thomas Tiplady (Revell Co., New York, \$1.25.) "By This Sign We Conquer," by P. Whitwell Wilson, London Times man now in America, published by Revell, 50 cents, has the ring of faith and earnestness in it.

Besides these there are two little books the minister would do well to put in his pocket as he goes on a vacation tramp. Let him sit down under a tree or beside the brook, river or ocean and read them. One is "The Bible at a Single View," by Richard G. Moulton (Macmillan Co., New York, \$1.00). This is an appendix on "How to Read the Bible." Dr. Moulton is the editor of "The Modern Readers' Bible," and one of the best writers on the literature of the Bible. The other little book is "The Enrichment of Prayer," compiled by David R. Porter (Association Press, New York, 75 cents).

The Expositor deems it a service worth while to call attention to such volumes as these. They are rich in spirit and power and are valuable at this time of stress.

* * *

No doubt there are many ministers who cannot take the time or the money to go on a vacation this year. There are some who do not think it right to do so, but we desire to make this suggestion. Everyone of us ought to get away from everything for just a brief time anyway. The vacation can be made as inexpensive as possible, but somehow or other this year we ought to manage it. We shall be called into larger and more difficult service in September and later. Let us plan to enter the new season's work with fresh energy and power. There are great new days ahead of us, and we must be prepared.

As you finish reading this editorial may we ask you to stop long enough to fold up a bundle of your church calendars, church papers, and all sorts of printed things about your work and send them to Rev. E. A. King, 73 South 15th Street, San Jose, California.

SUMMER READING CLUB.

Mrs. Charles B. MacDuffee, Three Rivers, Mass., has written interestingly about the young people in her church. Among other things she wrote:

"For the summer months they formed a "Worth-While Reading Club," each member agreeing to read at least one half-hour a day from books which have been selected from the town library by me, instructive books being selected. They are trying for a prize, to be awarded to one who succeeds in reading the largest number of books selected.

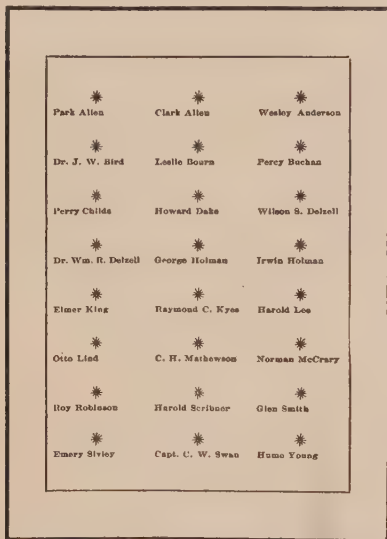
They meet with me every Monday afternoon for an hour's reading together, or for a trip to the woods. There we study nature and see which can find the largest variety of wild flowers, trees, and birds. At home they endeavor to learn all they can in regard to the proper care of a house, cooking, etc., and bring to our Monday meetings the receipts with which they have been successful. Sometime we are expecting to have a food sale, the food to be prepared by the girls.

I may add that I have much enjoyed the time spent with the girls, for I have always found them very responsive and desirous of being helpful."

A NEW IDEA IN SERVICE FLAGS.

The following service flag speaks for itself. We hope the idea will be copied generally:

Our Service Flag



ST. PAUL'S METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH
STEVENS POINT, WIS.

SUNDAY, APR. 28, 1918, AT 7:30 P. M.

Doing Our Bit For Absent Soldiers.

86
FEB 23 1919

★

HONOR SERVICE CORPS

— OF —

St. John's Methodist Episcopal Church

NEW ROCHELLE, N.Y.

THIS SERVICE FLAG IS LOANED TO YOU BY THE ST. JOHN'S METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, NEW ROCHELLE, N.Y. IT IS TO BE KEPT IN YOUR HOME AND RETURNED TO THE CHURCH WHEN THE SOLDIER WHOSE NAME IS ON IT RETURNS FROM THE FRONT. IF THE SOLDIER DIES, THIS FLAG WILL BE SENT TO HIS HOME AS A Memento OF HIS SERVICE.

SUBSCRIBER _____

AMOUNT _____

Following is wording on envelope: "This subscription is made to represent the connection of one 'over there,' and represents his 'tie up' to the Home Church. It is a personal privilege to do 'our bit' for the man 'over there.'"—Duplex Envelope Co., Richmond, Va.

A SERVICE FLAG HYMN.

Rev. Charles L. Collins, pastor of the First Baptist Church of De Land, Florida, sends us a special program for the dedication of their service flag. It is all very interesting, especially the "Service Flag Anthem," sung by the choir and congregation to the tune "America." No doubt many of our readers would like to use this anthem. It is as follows:

Our Service Flag, to Thee
Great Gift of Liberty,
We raise our song.

Gift of the Nation's pride,
Gift of the Crucified,
Gift for the men who died
For us—for all.

Each star a sacred life,
Gift of a mother—wife,
In travail's hour.
For thee, on bended knee,
We ask, Great God, of Thee,
On land or on the sea,
Thy keeping power.

Thy stars cannot be furled
Until they save the world,
Great Service Flag.
To thee, when battle grim,
When fire and smoke bedim
Thy blood-red banner's rim,
We lift our song.

Flag of the Red and White,
Stars of our tears at night,
Dear Service Stars;
Pledge of the Nation's might,
Pledge of her sons to fight
'Til Vict'ry crowns the Right,
Our Service Flag.

—John R. Paddock, Sr.

PUZZLE SERMONS FOR CHILDREN.

Rev. A. L. Taxis, Harrisburg, Pa.

I should like to report a little feature I have been using to interest the children in my church so they remain for service. I have been preaching to them what I call "Puzzle Sermons." I take some familiar proverb and try to make a diagram of it as per enclosed copies. Then I let the children guess what proverb is hidden in the picture.

If they cannot do it, I explain the pictures and they usually can find the proverb. I ask them when they go home to find some appropriate Scripture that will fit the proverb. They report to me on a slip of paper and I keep a record of what is handed in as well as by whom. The idea of a "Puzzle" has aroused their interest as well as their search of the Scriptures. I shall be glad to send the pictures, proverbs and Scripture to anyone interested. (Send postage.)

ROUND TABLE TOPICS FOR PERSONAL WORKERS.

The following topics were arranged for a series of Monday night meetings for personal workers in the St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church, Stevens Point, Wis.:

Compassion for Others, John 15:12; Psa. 142:4.

Personal Fitness, Matt. 5:16; 2 Tim. 2:21-26.

Scriptural Paths, John 5:39; 2 Tim. 3:15.

Lifting up Christ, John 12:32; Phil. 2:9-11.

Methods that Win, John 1:35-51; 1 Cor. 9:22.

A COMMUNION PRAYER.

Thou hast been merciful to me, O Lord, and searched me out in the hidden place where I had strayed and fallen. It is of Thy loving kindness that I am restored from the folly of my wandering and enjoy once more the comfort of Thy peace. It is sweet to my soul that Thou dost rejoice in my recovery and return. My Deliverer and my Hope, take my life henceforth into Thine own care and forsake me not when my fears and my temptations come.

Strengthen me for my daily tasks. Break the bonds of evil habit, and when life's warfare is ended, may I stand upright in Thy judgment, through the supporting arms of Thy mercy, my Lord and my Redeemer. Amen.

—From Calendar Fort Washington Presbyterian Church.

A HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLAR CHURCH.

The Central Baptist Church of Dallas, Texas, recently erected a new home. It is one of the most modern, serviceable and attractive churches in the South. Membership, 1,400; Sunday School enrollment, 1,300; teachers and officers, 97. There are 55 separate Sunday School rooms with fifteen pianos and a ten-piece orchestra. Anyone contemplating building a new expensive church should write to Rev. Wallace Bassett, Dallas, Texas.

"THE TWO BY TWOS."

Rev. T. T. Lake, of Philadelphia, has written us about the wonderful work of a society of women organized in his church. They call themselves "The Two by Two," and they go out calling in pairs. They made a survey of the community to ascertain what there was within a half mile radius from the church building, and the result was something of a surprise and evidently favorable to the church.

These women started out calling two by two, making themselves agreeable and not talking religion, and carried with them a supply of literature to give away. Altogether 1,500 calls were made in eight months. Meetings were held each month, reports of calls were made, and cards given out for the next month's calling. Usually some woman made an address on community betterment at the meeting and a lunch was served. As a result of this eight months' careful work one hundred new members joined this Baptist church.

SEND FOR THIS.

Rev. L. M. Bennett, of Annapolis, Md., has sent us a copy of his interesting little pamphlet called "Timothy." It is a little gem. It is one of those re-written stories half fact and half fiction based upon Apostolic experiences. The story is that of Timothy at Corinth and is calculated to help the churches to understand the preacher and to work together in good fellowship. The price is fifteen cents per copy, ten copies for \$1.25.

PRAYER MEETING OUTLINE.

Topics suggested by Rev. J. Whitcomb Brougher, D. D., pastor of Temple Baptist Church, Los Angeles, Cal.:

The Kind of Preacher I Like. 1 Cor. 4:1-15; Acts 20:18-32. Let the people testify as to the kind of preaching that proves most helpful to them. Then let the preacher reply that he is not to please himself nor the people but to preach the gospel that will save the people and please the Lord.

The Kind of Congregation a Preacher Likes. Acts 10. Let the pastor tell his people the kind of congregation he likes and how they can help him to get it.

The Kind of Church I Like. Acts 2:37-47. "What kind of a church would this church be if every member were just like me?"

What Kind of Christian Does the Lord Like? Acts 1:8; Phil. 1:21; 2 Cor. 5:9.

HOW THE WAR EFFECTS PREACHING.

1. The old time platitudes must be replaced by straightforward phrases of reality.

2. Sermon topics framed especially to attract attention and merely entertain must give way to solid, serious themes that reflect the thought of the anxious congregation.

3. The usual custom of preaching on topics of passing interest is being supplanted. Thoughtful ministers are now preaching on the great fundamental doctrines more than ever before. It is being discovered that the people generally are not very well grounded in the great Christian truths.

4. Frivolity and "pulpit antics" are entirely out of place. The minister needs to be serious. More than ever he needs to think out his public pulpit prayers and consciously recognize the people's anxieties and needs and voice them.

5. Every preacher is now compelled to inform himself as to the real causes of the war, the changed views and aims of the Allies, America's place and purpose in entering the war, and with this background point out the evils and show the way to better living both for the individual and the nations. There is now a wonderful opportunity to declare that Jehovah is a God of righteousness and justice tempered with love and good will. There has not been a time since the Civil War like these times. People will go to church if they are properly fed with strong spiritual meat, but they will not go if they cannot find help in these days of crisis, anxiety and dread.

6. The war is making us think of the days of reconstruction after the war is over and our soldiers and sailors come home. Every minister can now become a seer and prepare himself and his people for the coming New Time. This war, as awful as it is, may yet work out a greater church, a better world and a stronger ministry.

OUT OF DOOR PREACHING.

Every summer we are glad to point our readers to a little book by H. B. Gibbud on open air work for evangelists and Christian workers of all kinds. The title of the book is "Under the Blue Canopy of Heaven." There is no book like it, and anyone who wants expert advice should send to The Bible Institute Colportage Association, 826 La Salle Ave., Chicago, for a copy. (50 cents.)

FOR YOUR CALENDAR.

The Waste in Beer. There is a food shortage in the world. We are asked to conserve at every turn as a patriotic duty. Why exempt the brewers who use 80 million bushels of grain yearly, besides sugar, rice and other valuable food products. Mr. Hoover, Say Something! —Chas. L. Kloss, in Church Bulletin, Oakland, Cal.

PROHIBITION AMMUNITION.

All over this country cities and states are trying to drive out the saloon. The following "Round Table" questions from Simpson Memorial Methodist Church, Long Branch, New Jersey, are worth using:

A Business Question

For Saloonists and Their Patrons.

1. Are the saloons an aid to the home?
 2. Are the saloons a help to the schools?
 3. In what way do the saloons help the morals of a community?
 4. How do the saloons help the boys?
 5. How do the saloons help to pay farm mortgages?
 6. Do saloons make taxes lighter for the people?
 7. Do saloons lessen the police force in cities?
 8. What benefit are saloons to any place or community?
 9. What good have saloons ever done to any place or community?
- "Saloons make business," it is said. Make business for whom?

Business for the marshal.

Business for the police force.

Business for officers of the law.

Business for lawyers, business for judges, business for courts, business for jurymen, business for almshouses, for keepers of jails and penitentiaries.

Business, to be sure.

Does it pay to tolerate a traffic which breeds crime, poverty, idleness and shame wherever it is allowed?

A SUCCESSFUL SUNDAY EVENING CLUB.

The following interesting story of how one city church solved its Sunday evening problem is calculated to help other churches. The pastor, A. A. Stockdale, is the author:

Strong men are accustomed to hard tasks and challenging activity. They cannot become different suddenly in relating themselves to the church and its work. The First Congregational Church of Toledo is fortunate in having in her membership more than two hundred just such strong, wide-awake and active men as are found in the heart and center of the rapidly building and wonderfully developing cities of the Middle West. These men were accustomed to thinking and planning big things for city life and business adventure, and came to the life of the church with the same desire and attitude. All they needed was to be given a free field and hearty co-operation and the result is their Sunday Evening Club.

It had been thought impossible to do a very active work on Sunday evening, and is still considered so by some of the neighboring churches. The field, however, appealed to the men. The large number of fine young married couples moving into the district; the easy traffic connections with all parts of the city; the splendid spirit of democracy in the church; and the general atmosphere of progress and advance was more than the men could or wanted to resist; and so in enthusiastic co-operation with the pastor, they began by accepting one

Sunday evening a month as their very own, to have and to hold and to handle for the good of the city and community and for the full use of the thought, life and service of the men.

A general chairman was selected, a fine young lawyer; a program chairman a rising man in the Willys-Overland Automobile Company; a publicity committee selected, composed of men all in the advertising business, and headed by a wide-awake young automobile dealer; a finance chairman was appointed, a young real estate dealer, and a head usher, who knows the fine art of assembling and using men in the splendid work of sincere hospitality.

Upon the second Sunday of the month the people look for the Sunday Evening Club program which is very informal, truly man-fashion. Sometimes we sing—sometimes we do not. The General Chairman presides. A layman offers prayer. All announcements are made by the proper chairman. After the address is delivered an open forum for questions and answers and further discussion is carried on.

The first meeting opened with Mr. George W. Coleman, of Ford Hall, Boston, as speaker. The second meeting had for its subject, "What Toledo Really Needs Concerning Health, Education, Art, Parks and Playgrounds and Religious Co-operation." These subjects were well handled by local men and the people stayed for two hours and a half in live interest and warm discussion. Opportunity was given for those who desired to go, but nobody went till all was over. The church was giving a chance for the people to discuss in frank and intelligent way the real needs of the city.

The next speaker was our own Dr. McNaughton of the American Board, who spoke upon conditions in Turkey. This meeting brought a large number of Armenians to the church to hear him. The next speaker was Prof. Scott Nearing, upon the subject, "The Kingdom of Man."

The amount of advertising done by the Publicity Committee is waking the city to the value of good church advertising and many churches are doing splendid work in this line as a result.

One unique feature is in the hospitality department. One man is head usher for the entire season, but it is clearly understood that he must secure an absolutely new corps of ushers each month. He dare not use the same man twice. This is another way of bringing new men into active service. The head usher prints the list in the church calendar, that all may have the opportunity of seeing if any man is used twice during the year. Recently he selected as ushers for one evening only men six feet tall or more. He selected twelve such men, among them an ex-Secretary of State of Ohio. For this meeting he announced through the calendar that there would be seventy-five feet of ushers on the job at the Sunday Evening Club.

I am fully convinced that what the men are doing in the First Church of Toledo can be done in some form in hundreds of places in the country if the men are only trusted with a clear field and a hearty church co-operation.

SPLENDID SERIES OF SERMONS FOR A MONTH.

Rev. Alexander Pringle, of Harrington, Washington, is in the habit of arranging series of sermons in advance. He says, I like to prepare such series of sermons. For one thing, it helps me to know that I don't have to be groping each week after a subject for the following Sunday. And it gives some semblance of unity to the preaching. The topics are as follows:

Sunday Mornings. Theme: "Life."

"Life's Inner Renewal." A spring sermon.

"Life's Highest Dedication." Mothers' Day sermon.

"Life's Dynamic." The message of John the beloved disciple.

"Life's Consummation: Immortality." An assurance for these troubled times.

Sunday Evenings:

"God." Is there a God? Can He be good to permit this cruel war?

"Man." Who and what is he? Has his brief existence any permanent worth?

"Prayer." Is it a farce or a FORCE Is there any use in praying for success in the war?

"JESUS OR ODIN? CHRIST OR KAISER?" Which is fittest to rule the destiny of mankind?

THE CHURCH OFFERING.

Trinity Episcopal Church, San Jose, California, has a businesslike way of looking after its Sunday offerings. There is a little book of blanks arranged so as to give carbon copies and these are used every Sunday. The report is like this:

Date	
Day of Church year	
Early Celebration (Communion Offering).\$.....	
Church School Offering	\$.....
Morning Service Offering.....	\$.....
Evening Service Offering.....	\$.....
Special Offerings (Give Object)	
.....	\$.....
.....	\$.....
.....	\$.....
Pledge Offering Envelopes No.	
Pew Rent Envelopes	
.....	
.....	
.....	

At the bottom is a place for signature of two persons, who are authorized to count the money and make the report. The church considers it a protection to the treasurer to have two persons attend to these details. The treasurer is, of course, one of the counters.

Churches cannot be too careful in their handling of moneys and the making of reports.

A BASKET OF BOOKS FOR PREACHERS.

Here is a selected list of good books for the preacher. "The Millennial Hope" (a phase of war-time thinking), by Shirley Jackson Case (University of Chicago Press, \$1.25). This book is written to answer this question, "Are the ills of society to be righted by an early and sudden destruction of the present world, or is permanent relief to be secured only by a gradual process of strenuous endeavor covering a long period of years?"

"Christ and the World War." This is a series of twelve sermons preached by English ministers of different denominations on various phases of the war. It is in paper covers and is printed by The Pilgrim Press, Boston, Mass. Our copy is a complimentary copy from the Honorary Secretary of the Evangelical Information Committee, 4 Bouverie Street, London, E. C. 4. The sermons are wonderfully helpful and reassuring.

"A Theology for the Social Gospel," by Walter Rauschenbusch (Macmillan, New York, \$1.50). This is the book we have been looking for. It is full of suggestion and will be heartily welcomed by all our readers who believe social service a phase of the Gospel of Christ. Many sermons and addresses are wrapped up in this package.

"Using the Bible in Public Address," by Ozora S. Davis, president of Chicago Theological Seminary (Association Press, New York, 75 cents), is a practical volume with twelve chapters. It is a plea for more general and intelligent use of the Bible with many illustrations and examples.

"The Bible in English Literature," by Edgar W. Work (Revell Co., New York, \$1.25), is a wonderfully interesting book. It has 19 chapters and they are packed with interest from beginning to end. It is a wonderful mine for talks and sermons and papers for your program next season.

FROM A CHURCH CALENDAR.

Do This For "Our Boys."

Miss Curry sends the folders regularly to our boys who have been called to the camps and who have already gone across—and she would like the co-operation of us all in keeping her list of addresses correct. When you hear of a changed address please let Miss Curry know about it at once.

PURPOSE CARD.

Rev. F. B. Richards, D. D., pastor of the North Congregational Church, St. Johnsbury, Vt., has used the following card with most satisfactory results:

"Witnessing Day," Easter, 1916.

(Please put a cross (X) opposite statement indicating your personal purpose. Keep until Easter (April 23), and carry to morning service or Sunday School. If absent, mail to pastor.)

() I am a member of the North Church, and now sincerely renew my allegiance to Christ and His church.

() I purpose to give my life to Jesus Christ and His service, and wish to confess Him openly by uniting with the church.

() I am a member of another church, but desire to transfer my membership. I will send for my church letter at once.

() (For those under sixteen years of age,) I should like to attend a pastor's class to learn more about the Christian life.

() I am not yet ready to unite with the church, but would welcome a talk with the pastor about personal religion.

() I purpose to take an upward and forward step in better living, and ask God's help that I may persevere.

(If none of the above forms of statement expresses your condition and purpose, please give it here in your own words.)

Name

Address

If in Sunday School, what class?.....

SUPREME GOALS.

For years this department has undertaken to emphasize the great truth that every church should have a definite program. It is refreshing, therefore, to see so many evidences of spiritual insight in books and plans for the merely material business management of the church. For example, Albert F. McGarrah, church efficiency expert, has published a 215 page volume entitled "Modern Church Management" (Revell Co., New York, \$1.25). Chapter three is devoted to "The Supreme Goals of Church Management." One would expect to read of budgets and drives and cash accounts, but let us notice how differently he treats the subject.

He postulates the following as a proper preparation for church management:

I. One purpose of Christ was and is to bestow physical salvation.

II. Another purpose of Christ through His church is the salvation of what we call the intellectual life of men.

III. God's supreme purpose includes the salvation of society.

IV. The purpose of God includes the salvation of individual souls from their suffering and sins.

V. The purpose of God includes the salvation of all men.

VI. The purpose of God includes the redemption of the earth itself.

VII. Finally, the purpose of God includes the complete reconstruction of this earth into "a new earth."

With such a program as this the trustees and finance committee ought to be able to feel that it is a worth-while job to keep the church efficient.

PRINCIPLES INVOLVED IN PUBLICITY.

One of the fundamental ideas governing advertising is that no matter how good the quality of certain things is, and how reasonable the price may be, unless they are made known through channels that reach the attention of the people, the amount sold will be very much less than if liberally advertised. This principle has a bearing upon the regular work of the church, and should be regularly and carefully considered by pastor and people. The church through its various ministrations has much to offer that is of decided value to the community. Whatever it has should be systematically made known, either by a committee on publicity or by each and all of the members and congregation doing something to make known the various services of the church.

The advertising avenues that are open to all that would seek them are such as almost to guarantee not only a larger attendance, but also more effective moral and financial support. The local newspapers, the church boards, illuminated signs, placards, the church paper or

bulletin, can be used, but most of all the quiet personal influence is the ideal of all advertisers and fills not only pews and benches, but hearts with good news.—Exchange.

REMARKABLE MONEY GETTING CAMPAIGN.

Rev. I. G. Smith, McIntosh, South Dakota.

This is a comparatively new church, just a few years old, and composed of people gathered from all denominations, as we are the only Protestant church in the town. Our numbers are small, and previous to my coming to the field, last June, they had never been able to raise more than about \$400 annually for the salary of the minister. When I came, they promised me, albeit with fear and trembling, to raise at least \$600 on the field for me, the rest to be paid by our Home Mission Board.

In March of this year, we made our annual canvass for funds. First, I secured from the "Budget" committee of our church several large cloth banners, giving in condensed form the salient facts regarding the "Every-member Canvass." These I tacked up on the church wall, one or two at a time, and for several successive Sabbaths talked briefly about them just before the sermon. Next, I asked the officers of the church, and all other men interested in the financial problem, to meet at the manse, and plan for the canvass. From those who responded six men pledged themselves to assist in the canvass. I then asked the president of the Ladies' Aid Society to get an equal number of women, if possible, who would agree to accompany these men, and work with them in soliciting.

The week before the Sunday set for the canvass these men and women were invited to meet again at the manse, and the people who were to be canvassed having been carefully listed and estimated amounts placed opposite their names, the list was apportioned among the canvassers, and full instructions were given as to the method of work.

On Sunday morning a special sermon was preached, dealing with the matter of giving to God, emphasis being placed on the idea of giving to God, of giving as an act of worship, and that everyone should give, and give systematically and regularly. Then, the people were informed that they would be called upon that afternoon by the canvassers, who would present pledge cards, and receive their pledges. In addition to this, circular letters had been sent the previous week to every prospective giver, explaining the idea, and requesting that he be at home between 2:00 and 5:00 o'clock to receive the canvassers; finally, the canvassers were called to the front of the church, lined up before the pulpit, and solemnly set apart by prayer to their work.

At two o'clock the canvassers gathered at the church, the pledge cards were distributed, additional instructions given, and just before starting out, earnest prayer was again offered for success in the work. Then, two by two, they went to their work.

Each team reported at the manse after covering their territory, and at the evening service gave the figures of pledges secured, which figures were chalked up on the blackboard before the congregation. When the reports were all

given and added up, it was found to the amazement of many present that pledges were in hand for over \$1,200 for support of the local church, and almost \$150 for benevolences. The figures were later increased, when the canvass was fully completed to over \$1,400 for local support and about \$175 for benevolence.

It was a revelation to the people; many could hardly believe the figures. And the strange part is that this is not a community that is favorable to the church; in fact, the sentiment is largely indifference, and in some cases actual hostility to the church and all it stands for. Even the members of the church itself are not deeply spiritual, and very many among them take the church very lightly and there are no large givers.

A PATRIOTIC CAMPAIGN.

Why does The Expositor constantly urge upon its readers co-operation in the plan of the United Society of Christian Endeavor to place a million copies of "Clean and Strong" in the hands of our soldiers and sailors? The answer is found in this statement of Colonel C. W. Jones, head of the Military Police of Camp Fremont, California.

"It costs the government \$2,000 a year to equip and maintain a soldier, but vice conditions existing in communities nearby military camps may, in a few days, incapacitate hundreds of men and cause the government thousands of dollars to care for the diseased men and to train other men to take their places."

One of the best ways of correcting this evil is by the educational method. Place in the soldiers' and sailors' hands a comprehensive, trustworthy and inspiring book on the sex question and thereby help the young men to help himself. Show him the way to self-mastery. "Clean and Strong" is the best book for this purpose because it is sane, fair-minded, optimistic and Christian. We need your help in putting it into the soldiers hands.

The United Society of Christian Endeavor, Mt. Vernon and Hancock Streets, Boston, Mass., will furnish the books in quantities at very liberal discounts, so you can afford to send a copy to each young man who has gone into service from your church.

A NEW SERVICE FOR THE DEDICATION OF MEN.

We have printed several different forms of dedication services for service flags, for the Stars and Stripes, etc., but have never before published one for the dedication of the men themselves. Dr. W. B. Millard is the author of this, and we take it from the calendar of St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church, Stevens Point, Wis. It is as follows:

"Coronation."

Prayer.

"Hail to Our Star Gemmed Banner."

Scripture Lesson—Matt. 10:24-39.

"Battle Hymn of the Republic."

Dedicatory Service for the Enlisted Sons of our Church.

Leader—To the freedom of humanity and the equal rights of man:

People—We dedicate our sons.

Leader—For the establishment of democracy and the overthrow of tyrants:

People—We dedicate our sons.

Leader—For the deliverance of the world from the menace of militarism:

People—We dedicate our sons.

Leader—For the guaranty of the freedom of the seas and the safety of all nations:

People—We dedicate our sons.

Leader—For a curb to the grasping greed and the insolent ambition of autocrats:

People—We dedicate our sons.

Leader—To the securing of the inviolability of treaties and good faith between the nations of earth:

People—We dedicate our sons.

Leader—For the protection of weak nations in normal development along their own lines of language, customs and ethnic ideals:

People—We dedicate our sons.

Leader—For the deliverance of heroic Belgium from the iron heel of the Hun:

People—We dedicate our sons.

Leader—For the restoration of Alsace Lorraine, Poland, Armenia and every other tortured and bleeding fragment of earth to its rightful place in the economy of nations:

People—We dedicate our sons.

Leader—For the support of our blood relations of sturdy England and our ancient allies of gallant France:

People—We dedicate our sons.

Leader—For the quenching of the world conflagration by destroying the torch-bearing Huns:

People—We dedicate our sons.

Leader—For the overthrow of the hordes who ravish women, slaughter children, torpedo neutral passenger ships, blow up hospitals, make air raids on peaceful and unoffending villages, blacken the face of the earth and poison wells:

People—We dedicate our sons.

Leader—For the abolition of all war by defeating the wanton makers of war:

People—We dedicate our sons.

Leader—For the defense of our country, the protection of humanity, the honor of the flag and the glory of God:

People—We dedicate our sons.

"Star Spangled Banner."

Address—"Our Debt to Our Boys."

"America."

A MEN'S CLASS INVITATION.

The following interesting and catchy advertising card comes from the Methodist Church of Welsh, La.:

FALL IN line!

READY, FORWARD, MARCH!

No break in the ranks!



In our Splendid Men's Class is:

Every Member Present

Please be there. Bring a friend.

Methodist Episcopal Church,

Welsh, La.

GET YOUR MISSIONARY EDUCATION MATERIAL FOR 1918-19.

This coming season is going to be fruitful for missionary work in all fields because the world is opening up before all people and they will want to know more about the progress of the Kingdom.

The Missionary Education Movement, 160 Fifth Avenue, New York, has just issued its catalogue of Missionary Education Material for 1918-19. The general theme is, "Christianity and the World Workers." The courses of study are divided into groups for adults, seniors, intermediates, and for junior boys and girls and for primary children. Then they provide for Sunday School work and for pageants and plays.

No better plan than this could be carried out by any church. Write for catalogue.

HOW TO START A TRAINING CLASS.

SECURE a teacher. The very best one in your school. The teacher of those who are to be teachers of the Word of God should be the best possible. Here is work worthy of the best effort of the pastor.

SELECT a text book. Your own denomination has authorized some book for this study. Write your Bible School department or board of publication and follow their advice.

SOLICIT a class. You know right now who will probably be the teachers in your school four years from now. Pick them out and get them ready. They should be through the course by the time they are through their high school.

SUPPLY equipment. Give them a good room. Get them blackboard, maps, charts, and extra books on special subjects. Ten dollars will buy a splendid lot of books on all phases of Bible School work.

START. Do not wait for a big class, or a more convenient season, or a better teacher. The need is urgent. Get the most you can, the best you can as quick as you can.

STUDY. Let no one enter the classes without impressing it upon them that study will be insisted upon from the beginning to the end and that examinations will be taken on the work done.

STICK. Let nothing stop the class or interfere with its work. Send classes home without a teacher rather than break in on your teacher training class for substitutes.

SERMONS USED IN A REVIVAL.

In the meeting just closed at the Central Baptist Church, Dallas, Texas, it was our pleasure to speak each service from the book of Genesis. Some of the brethren have been kind enough to ask that I publish the themes and texts of the sermons used in this meeting. They are as follows:

"In the Beginning, God," Gen. 1:1; "God's Masterpiece, Man," Gen. 1:26; "The Devil's Gospel," Gen. 3:4; "Figleaf Righteousness," Gen. 3:7; "The Voice of God in the Human Soul," Gen. 3:9; "Obligations of Brotherhood," Gen. 4:9; "Faith and Pleasing God," Gen. 4:4; "God's Transient Spirit," Gen. 6:3; "Walking With God," Gen. 5:24; "No Flood Without an Ark," Gen. 7:7; "Misdirected Ambition," Gen. 11:4; "Blessings and Blessedness," Gen. 12:2, 3; "Beautiful Drudgery," Gen. 15:5-12; "The

Indication of Inclination," Gen. 13:12; "The Value of Vision," Gen. 18:1, 2; "The Place of Prayer in God's Plan," Gen. 18:23; "The Urgency of Angels," Gen. 19:17; "The Call of Our Sinful Past," Gen. 19:26; "Position and Progress," Gen. 24:27; "A Fool's Bargain," Gen. 25:29-34; "Unpossessed Possessions," Gen. 26:4, 5; "Heaven's Interest in Earth," Gen. 28:12; "Back to Bethel," Gen. 35:33; "Myself and I," Gen. 32:38; "The Sin Against the Child," Gen. 42:22; "When God is With a Young Man," Gen. 39:23; "Forgetfulness of Prosperity," Gen. 40:23; "The Theology of an Accident," Gen. 50:20; "What Each Must Have, a Coffin," Gen. 50:26.

Of course each minister must be led by God's spirit to do as he thinks best in his meetings; but this has been such a fascinating study to us, that we shall study each year a book in this manner in our revival.—Wallace Basset, Central Baptist Church, Dallas, Texas.

SOUNDED DUBIOUS

"Behind the altar," said the cathedral guide to a party of tourists, "lies Richard II. In the churchyard outside lies Mary Queen of Scots. And who"—halting above an unmarked flagging in the stone floor and addressing a tourist from London—"who do you think is a-lying 'ere on this spot?" "Well," answered the Cockney, "I don't know for sure, but I have my suspicions."



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ILLUSTRATIVE DEPARTMENT

A SERMON WITHOUT ILLUSTRATIONS IS LIKE A HOUSE
WITHOUT WINDOWS

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM RECENT EVENTS

PAUL GILBERT

"What Do You Say?" (693)

Jno. 3:33; Rom. 3:4; Ps. 62:9; Jno. 2:5. Ludendorff is said to be Germany's "man of mystery." The legend among them is that he and not Hindenburg is the real commanding genius. The nickname "Was sagst du," which they apply to the latter arises from the fact that whenever Hindenburg has to make an important decision he turns to Ludendorff with, "What do you say?" Such an attitude is indicative of great confidence in his comrade's genius.

Such is the attitude we ought to have toward our great Captain, Jesus Christ. Whatever may be the problem of the home, the state, the religious life, we are wise if we ask, "Lord, what do you say?" And whatever he says unto us that will we do.

Waiting for the Door to be Opened. (694)

Rev. 3:20; Jno. 10:1; 7:1.

Dan Crawford writing from the African bush of the conversion of a hereditary king, Mwepu, a conversion, the news of which sent the whole country buzzing, especially when it was noted that the angry creases disappeared from the brow of the royal penitent, gives this further interesting detail:

No king of his people ever dares open a door for himself. When the missionaries told him that he was keeping Jesus Christ waiting on the outside threshold of his life, "there came a flash of faith in the question, Was not Jesus Christ the greatest king of all? And was not He standing waiting outside with princely patience for the door to be opened for Him?"

Refuse to Rest. (695)

Prov. 12:24; 2 Pet. 3:14; 2 Tim. 3:10.

August Thyssen, a great German captain of industry, whose industries steel, coal and pig-iron, meant the direct and indirect control of half a million people before the war, is known as an indefatigable worker and utterly devoid of ostentation. The motto on his coat of arms, "If I rest I rust," illustrates his character. In the old castle high up on the wooded slopes of the River Ruhr, where he makes his principal residence, he has a great work-room adjoining his bedroom, and may be found there at all hours of the day and night, despite his nearly 80 years, directing this vast operations.

An Infidel's Grandson. (696)

1 Sam. 20:4; Gal. 6:5; Ruth 1:4.

A striking instance of the play of reaction between free thought and Romanism which is the unhappiness of France is found in the case of Renan's grandson, Ernest Psichari.

Renan, brought up a priest, ended a freethinker. His grandson, a lieutenant of artillery and endowed as a writer with much of the power of his illustrious grandfather, became a Roman Catholic of an intense type. When the war broke out he was meditating becoming a priest. He was killed in action in Belgium. This grandson of the great freethinker of modern France read the breviary daily and recited the Credo as he was dying.

Carry Your Cross. (697)

Matt. 10:38; Gal. 6:12; Heb. 12:2.

A Christian man from Kansas told me this incident which he asserted was the experience of one of his relatives. A rough and godless man who lay dying, requested an equally godless companion to go and find a Christian man, Mr. C——, to pray with him.

Hailing a well known Christian he said: "Neighbor, Bill——, over by my home is dying with no one there but the family. Won't you tell Mr. C—— that Bill wants him to come and talk and pray with him?"

"But Mr. C—— is away and won't return for at least two days," was the reply.

"Well, then, you come along."

"Why, my friend, that would be quite a cross for me to go and talk with a man like Bill——."

"Well, damn it," snapped the disgusted unbeliever, "carry your cross then!"

The Kansan who was relating the incident, and it is true, hinted that possibly the "damn" should be omitted from the narrative. "No, no," I answered, "if there ever was an excuse for a swear word it was right there. Leave it in there for it describes the situation exactly."

—Merlin Fairfax.

An Indestructible Element. (698)

1 Cor. 13:13; Deut. 33:27; 2 Tim. 4:7.

It is said that in a newly invented vacuum furnace everything in a log of wood that is destructible can be conserved, leaving only an irreducible minimum that man's skill is not yet great enough to burn. And we are told that that indestructible remainder is pure carbon, every bit of which the tree took from the sunlight through the leaves. Many may think of prayer as a strange way of gaining power to endure, but the indestructible elements of the soul, that cannot be crushed or consumed by adversity, do come from our fellowship with God."—Harry Emerson Fosdick.

An Agnostic's Predicament. (699)

Psa. 107:17, 19; Jonah 2:1; 1 Kings 8:38, 39.

A chaplain told me an interesting story a few days ago which is not without its point for agnostics. A certain soldier was boast-

ing loudly in a French estaminet that he was an agnostic. "If there was a God, he hadn't seen Him," and much more to the same effect. His words made but little impression on the other men, for they were due in the trenches the same day. Later on, however, before going over the top, the man was praying loudly to God to stand by him. In the middle of his prayer one of the men who had heard him speaking in the estaminet drew near and gave him a somewhat savage push. "Look here," he cried, "if there ain't a God in the estaminet there ain't a God in the trenches. Get over!" It is a well-known fact that nearly every man in the trenches offers a prayer before the fateful moment, and it is only fair to remind him when the danger is over that there is a God in the trenches with whom to reckon, and there is also a God behind the lines who claims our submission and obedience.—Life of Faith.

Civilization Without Christ. (700)

1 Cor. 2:14; Prov. 16:18; Jude 16.

Goethe said in one of his works, "The Prussian was born a brute, and civilization will make him ferocious." Which is only another way of saying that if you educate a man without imparting to him the balance-wheel of the Christian life, you make him a proud, cunning devil or a selfish, lustful "it" in a dress-suit.

Reaping the Whirlwind. (701)

1 Sam. 31:6; Matt. 23:37,38; Hos. 8:7.

Dr. Engel, the leading alderman of Berlin, and director of vital statistics of Germany, stated officially that more than 3,000,000 illegitimate children were born in Germany since 1914. He pleaded with the reichstag to pass a law legalizing these war babies which were the natural outcome of the government inspired war baby propaganda. Having set aside God's laws with impunity to suit their ambitions and declared for "the survival of the fittest," they are seeing results with a vengeance.

Gold Out of the Fire. (704)

Dr. Stuart Holden has told his congregation how, when he visited a factory in the North of England where costly china was being made, the thing that interested him most in all that he saw was the painting of the finished product. "It had been through many processes, and was taken to a studio for the artist to complete. I saw the pattern being put on in various colors, and noticed that a great deal of black was being used. On asking why, I was told, 'It is black now, but it will be gold when it comes out of the fire.'" Is this not just as in our lives?—S. S. Chronicle.

Another Far Sowing. (705)

A certain little girl had been promised a handsome Bible for her birthday. On hearing a missionary tell of the need of Bibles in India, the child asked if she might not have two Bibles, each half as costly as the one her mother was planning to give her. Her

Spirit is Flesh. (702)

Prov. 15:8; Rom. 8:8; 1 Cor. 1:27.

An uncultivated gospel singer was being greatly blessed of God in his ministry of song in a city in the Middle West when the following confession was made to him: "I am the solo-soprano of the best choir in this city, but I cannot sing a Gospel hymn so that any one cares to hear me." This was followed by a faithful question as to her personal salvation which brought out the more startling confession that she was not saved. Was not the fact revealed in the last confession the key to the difficulty stated in the first confession?

Too much musical training is impossible for the high calling of singing the Gospel of Grace, but the divine blessing has always rested on the ministry of the yielded heart rather than on any human learning or skill. —W. F. C.

Learning Obedience. (703)

Heb. 5:8; 2 Cor. 10:5; Rom. 16:19.

The little daughter of Professor England was wild and willful, and only the most severe and repeated punishments seemed to be able to keep her in even partial obedience. She was a great and constant trial. But the professor took the little girl with him on one of his scientific trips in Hawaii, and one night it was necessary for the two to return to the camp in the dark over a path lighted by the angry flames of the world's greatest volcano. At first dashing off here and there and recalled only by insistent commands, the girl gradually became terrified by the multiplied dangers of the way, and came close to her father. Then she put her hand in his, then both hands, and then begged him to take her up in his arms, where she lay sobbing her fear out against his cheek. From the experience of that dreadful journey the child became completely changed, obedient, trustful, and loving. She had learned her father's strength and her own weakness.

—Westminster Teacher.

PREACHER'S SCRAP BOOK

mother consented, and the little girl wrote her name in one of them and gave it to the missionary to send to India. Years afterward a missionary was telling the story of the love of Jesus to a few women, when one of them exclaimed, "Oh, I know all about that. I have a book which tells me these things." She brought the book to her teacher, who, on opening it, saw to her amazement her own name on the fly-leaf! It was the very book which she had given many years before. It had led to the conversion of its owner, and through her influence to the conversion of many in the town where she lived.

The Cross. (706)

In Japan last year a man who was wearing the badge of the Japanese Red Cross refused to hear anything about the Bible. "I dislike Christianity," said he, "so I want nothing that pertains to Christ."

"You are contradicting yourself," replied a

colporteur; "the cross is the central emblem of Christianity. The Red Cross Society has grown out of Christ's teaching—and you belong to it!" The man was convicted. "So I am becoming a Christian unawares," he said, as he bought a Japanese Testament.

— S. S. Chronicle.

Prays Before Battle. (707)

"Strange as it sounds—and, God's truth, I am far from being a religious man—the biggest factor in the war is God! However little religion you have got at home the biggest blackguard in the ranks prays as he goes into action."

Seeing It Perfectly from a Couch. (708)

Rev. Cleland B. McAfee, D. D.

I hope you saw the cartoon in the series called "That Rookie from the Thirteenth Squad" which describes his absence from reveille. It is in four parts: in the first his absence is noted by his superior petty officer; in the second the officer learns that Private Dubb is in his tent; in the third the officer appears in Dubb's tent and asks why he did not turn out for reveille; in the fourth Private Dubb, lying comfortably in his cot, explains with beaming face, "Oh, I could see everything perfectly from here!"

Private Dubb never did so foolish a thing, of course. But before he went into the thirteenth squad he saw men doing that. He saw men acting as though the only responsibility they could have for great movements is to get into good position to see them perfectly without too much disturbance of their own comfort.

A pastor writes me to know what he can do with people in his church who believe in everything he suggests, thinks his proposals perfectly fine, wonders at the ingenuity he displays—and then fail to come out at roll-call, but lie comfortably on a cot and watch the work being done. He wants to have a general church visitation, his people going two by two and paying a cordial visit to homes that need it; he wants to put in the envelope budget system of finances and benevolence; he wants to put new life and energy into his young people's society and the prayer meeting. He sounds the call, and large numbers of people find they can see it all perfectly from their couches. The idea of marching and drilling and parade is fatiguing to them.

If Private Dubb really had done this, he would have been court-martialled, I suppose. I could not tell my correspondent to shoot his people, nor to put them on guard-duty, nor to drum them out of camp in disgrace. But suppose you were one of them, what do you think could be done to you to get you off your couch and out into the field.—Chicago, Ill., C. E. World.

Expressing Gratitude. (709)

An old man who wished to influence a younger one to ally himself with God's people referred tenderly to the many and remarkable advantages that, almost from birth, had encompassed him.

"Oh, yes," the young man admitted. "And of course I am grateful."

"Did you ever tell him so?" asked the other significantly.

Reaping in Joy. (710)

A pastor in central New York was telling about his experiences in a country church. One summer night he and his wife went to prayer meeting, but as only one other came, they decided to go home and not open the church at all. The faithful pastor was, of course, discouraged, and he lingered a little about the church door. Soon a young man came into the yard and asked if there was to be no prayer meeting. The pastor recognized him as a church attendant and as a popular young man in the village. He answered that as only one had come besides his wife, they thought best not to have a prayer meeting. The young man turned away as if disappointed, and as the pastor was sure he was not a Christian, he asked him if he wanted to attend such a meeting. The young man said he felt the time had come for him to decide to be a Christian.

The pastor opened the church and they went inside. They had no light but the moon, which shone in through the window as the faithful pastor explained the plan of salvation, and held up Jesus the Savior from sin. The young man accepted Him and they knelt in prayer. He became a power in his church and denomination. He holds a judgeship and has been the legal adviser of three governors of the State. His influence as a Christian man has been far-reaching. And the pastor has reaped in joy.—New Century Monthly.

Faith or Presumption? (711)

When means to an end are available and we dispense with them, relying upon God to do that which he has put it within our power to do for ourselves, we tempt God and are guilty of fanaticism. Dr. Buckley says: "When Bishop Taylor went to Africa, he took with him a young man who obstinately refused to take medicine, claiming that God would keep him safe without the use of such means. When he took the fever he still refused to take medicine. The doctor who attended him gives the last conversation as follows: 'Charlie, your temperature is 105 and pulse 130; normal is 98, and the dividing line between life and death is 103. You are now dying. It is only a question of time; and if you do not take something to break up this fever, it will surely kill you.' The reply of the misguided youth was: 'Well, then, I'll die, for I won't take any medicine.' He died, while almost all the party had the African fever and recovered by the aid of medical skill."

That was not faith but presumption.—S. S. Magazine.

Working Together. (712)

Years ago a young Swede was converted in a Moody meeting in Chicago. He was eager to work for his new-found Savior. Mr. Moody looking the awkward, illiterate fellow over at last said, "How would you like to be a sandwich?" Anything for Jesus," said the young man. Accordingly two boards were placed on his shoulders. On one was printed John 3:16 in full, and on the other a notice of the meetings being held. He walked up

and down the streets of Chicago. Many people read the words, some mocked, and boys often threw stones and mud at the boards. But a traveling man attracted by the evident joy in the face of the Swede stopped to read the sign, attended the meeting that night and was converted. This man had a fine voice and made it a rule to sing in the missions of the cities he visited on his travels. One night in the Bowery Mission of New York a young Jew came in attracted by this man's singing. The singer watched him, managed to meet him and speak personally about Jesus as the Messiah and his Savior. This Jew ultimately accepted Christ and became a Christian missionary. In telling the story he concludes with: "The young Swede lies in an unknown grave in Chicago; the singing traveling man has also gone to his reward; but I, the Jew, am now a missionary in Africa winning souls for Christ. When we all stand before Him will we not—Swede, traveling man and Jew—join in a joyous hallelujah over the harvest of saved souls?—New Century Teachers Monthly.

Knowledge of the Bible. (713)

Hon. James Bryce said, in an address at London University: "It is with great regret that one sees in these days that the knowledge of the Bible seems declining in all classes. I was struck with the same thing in the United States. Looking at it from only the educational side, the loss of the knowledge of the Bible and of all the Bible means would be incalculable to the life of the country. It would be a great misfortune to the country if generations of children grew up who did not know their Bible. It is a sin for which those responsible for the absence of the Bible from our schools and homes need to repent."

Efficiency for What? (714)

A young man of twenty-four stepped into a business office in a large city and walked up to a desk where an elderly man sat examining a bundle of papers.

"Look at that, father!" the young man said, with a smile of pride. "I've made nearly one hundred on my efficiency chart! What do you think of that?"

The business man looked up at his son with a smile and a feeling of pride at his appearance, and then his eye fell on the list of questions put by the efficiency bureau that had interested the young man to compete with many others for first place.

1. Are you physically sound and free from all trace of disease?
2. Can you apply yourself to mental labor without great fatigue?
3. Are you an exact mathematician?
4. Do you have any bad habits?
5. Would you be willing to employ yourself in a business that required honesty, quickness of judgment, keen intellect?
6. Are you quick to see and take advantage of a business opportunity?
7. Are you in debt? If so, how did you become so?
8. Do you have extravagant habits of dress, amusements or social life?
9. Can you secure good letters of recom-

mendation from business men in the city who know you?

10. How much money have you ever earned and how did you earn it?

The father read the list and then, without a word, reached for a sheet of paper and put down the following:

1. Are you a Christian? Would you follow the teachings of Jesus if to do so should result in the loss of money or position?
 2. Do you have some great cause of humanity at heart, and are you ready to give your heart's enthusiasm for it?
 3. Are you as active and as useful in some church as you are in your business of money-making?
 4. Do you pray and read the Bible daily?
 5. Are you planning to do a man's part by sharing in the burden of good citizenship?
- The father handed these questions to his son. The son read them, and his face paled and grew red by turns. He faltered. His father was a distinguished and deeply-consecrated man who had lived consistently the life outlined in the questions. The son respected him as he respected no other man. "Father," he said finally, in a low voice, "that is real efficiency. I am going to try to live up to it; but right now I cannot answer those questions honestly and pass. It will take me a long time to qualify."—Ex.

(Continued from page 884.)

medicine to the sick and taught the ignorant. As it was written upon the tomb of General Gordon in St. Paul's Cathedral, so can it be said concerning them "who at all times and everywhere gave his strength to the weak, his substance to the poor, his sympathy to the suffering and his heart to God." "Where are you going?" Asked one of the Marshals of France to a guard whom he saw quitting the stricken field. "Where am I going, General?" answered the soldier, baring his breast pierced with a bullet, "I am returning a few paces to die, happy to have lost my life in defence of my country." There are men like that. They are in the army of the country. They are in the army of God. They are of many who are called that are choice. It has been their glory and their joy to

Find the soul's high place of beauty

Not in books or man made creeds

But where desire ennobles duty

And life is crowned with noble deeds.

Service means sacrifice. Sacrifice glorifies humanity. It embodies God in human character. It denotes Christ in practical life. It makes our literature glorious. "He saved others, himself he cannot save," is a profound truism. It was because He could not save Himself that Jesus Christ became the Saviour of all men. The cross is before the crown. The ascension follows Calvary. We must, as individuals, so that we can as churches, turn beliefs into energies. George Elliot says of Savonarola: "He turned beliefs into energies which should work in all the details of life." We must not "pray cream and live skimmed milk." The best that is in us is not too good. Let us rank among those who are called and accepted as choice.

THE HOMILETIC YEAR—AUGUST

G. B. F. HALLOCK, D. D.

MISSIONARY SUNDAY

LABOR DAY

MISSIONARY SUNDAY

Let Your Heirs Pay a Few Bills.

A wealthy merchant in his age took a trip to California and with his estimable wife enjoyed a trip to that floral paradise. When asked, "What did it cost," he replied, "It did not cost me a cent. I made my heirs pay the bill." Yes, he will have perhaps a few dollars less on which the attorneys will calculate the income tax but it will not modify by a cent the proper expenditure during his natural lifetime. Why do not other thoughtful folk regulate their expense account accordingly?

A few years ago a well-to-do man died, and as his heirs figured up the total and rapidly divided it by the proper figures, a nephew sighed as he thought of his \$250 legacy and exclaimed, "I'll blow that in some night." Why did not the rich uncle just put such a check in the collection plate for missions or send it to the Bible Society or help an orphan to an education rather than encourage a fast dude to a frolic on the Great White Way, a road the departed never trod? O, if the old fathers could crawl out of the grave and revisit the offices and look over the check books of their descendants, money would be plenty in the Mission Board and church treasuries, debts cancelled, work advanced, and the Kingdom of Christ hastened.

Fellow pastors, let us lead our people into an active interest in missions. On a Sunday late in August or early in September is a most appropriate time to observe Missionary Sunday, making the whole day one for the study of or for sermons or addresses upon missionary facts or themes. One reason for this is that there is nothing more wholesome and inspiring in view of the new year of work in the church than to get the people to think of others and take a wide view of God's kingdom. There should be many missionary Sundays observed each year. Home Missions, Foreign Missions, City Missions, Missions to Exceptional Populations, and other phases of the missionary cause should be presented more or less frequently and offerings taken. By giving we enrich ourselves. By interest in missions we create interest in our local work. In this way the Kingdom comes.

Suggestive Texts and Themes. (715)

Gen. 12:1-3.—Abraham blessed and made a universal blessing; so Isaac, Gen. 26:1-4; and Jacob, Gen. 28:13, 14.

2 Kings 7:9.—We do not well to hold our peace in this day of good tidings.

Psa. 67.—World-wide salvation and consequent good the ultimate purpose of prayer and blessing.

Isa. 2:3.—The glorious results of truth's dissemination.

Isa. 49:6.—A limited salvation unworthy

God's purpose in Christ Jesus and in His Church.

Matt. 6:10.—Prayer for the coming of the kingdom.

Matt. 9:36-38.—The shepherdless multitudes. Christ's compassion. The harvest; the laborers; the praying; the sending.

Matt. 28:18-20.—The great commission, "All power . . . go ye therefore."

Mark 9:33.—The church's poor little disputings by the way versus the great question.

John 3:16.—At infinite cost universal love provides a universal atonement.

John 4:35.—Quit talking and look!

Luke 24:44-49, and Acts 1:8.—Holy Ghost power was given for witnessing, which is man's part and an essential part of the saving plan.

Acts 4:12.—Christ the world's only Saviour and Christianity the world's only hope.

Acts 22:16-18.—Paul's commission.

Rom. 1:16.—The gospel God's power unto world-wide salvation.

Rom. 10:14, 15.—Foreign missionary effort necessary to the heathen's salvation.

2 Cor. 10:15, 16.—"The regions beyond." The hearer enlarging the preacher; the church enlarging the gospel.

Gal. 6:10.—"Doing good unto all men." A glorious opportunity entailing a sublime responsibility.

Eph. 2:12.—The sad condition of the heathen world.

Rev 7:9.—A glorious vision; the redeemed from all lands.

Witnessing for the Master (716)

"Go ye therefore and teach all nations." Matt. 28:19.

The word "therefore" explains why Jesus sent the disciples forth. It was because all power was given unto him in heaven and in earth.

I. He had all authority to send them and all power to give them, and his own mighty personality to attend them. Therefore Jesus commissioned his apostles and every other follower to "go" and tell the story of salvation.

II. It is a "Go" Gospel, a Christ Gospel, a glorious Gospel of the truth as it is in Jesus. Christ for the Holy Trinity when he died for lost men and when he sent men on a world-wide mission. He is a mighty Saviour because he has all love to die, all power to endure, all authority to command, and the all-cleansing blood to wash sins away.

III. Christ is the center and circumference of the Gospel. He is the Christ crucified, raised, glorified, coming again to gather the results of his mighty mission.

IV. Have you obeyed the command of the Captain? Are you going every day, everywhere, witnessing for the Master? Are you

ministering with your pen, your tongue, your example, your gifts? Are you using your endowment of divine power to bring back a lost world into his kingdom? It may be you are a deserter, a traitor, worthy of being court-martialed for disobedience to divine orders. Let us ever hereafter be true, obeying the Lord's call to go; keep sacred his commandments, that we may love his appearing and be caught up with him when he comes.—Rev. E. W. Caswell.

Life's Widening Horizons. (717)

"And the angel that talked with me came again, and waked me, as a man that is awakened out of his sleep. And he said unto me, 'What seest thou?' " Zech. 4:1,2.

The geographical world known to people in Bible times was relatively small. If we come down to the Christian era, and fifteen hundred years into the Christian era, we shall find the horizon not greatly widened. Then came Columbus, and the thoughts of men grew broader. In times much nearer ours, daring spirits have enlarged the boundary of our knowledge of the world until it is scarcely possible that any considerable land on the face of the globe is hidden from our knowledge. Political horizons have been equally slow to enlarge. The end of the World War may not yet be in sight, but one thing is in sight, and that is the certainty that when peace shall come the common people shall be much nearer the throne than they have ever been before. Political boundaries are fixed in the realm of thought. No tyrant can bind the manhood and womanhood of a race that thinks freely.

We are more, however, than mere bodies and minds. We are more than citizens. We must have other boundaries besides geographical and political. We are dust plus Something. There are spiritual horizons. This is the chief difference between small souls and great. This, essentially, is the difference between the unrighteous and the righteous man. "Our citizenship is in heaven." This word, "citizenship" is a very broad one, including friendship, labor, hope, sympathy, conversation, possessions, feeling and thought. Our friendships project into the world to come. Those who are dear to us, whose company we crave but cannot have because everybody is so busy, are the friends with whom we expect to roam the radiant meadows and ascend the delectable mountains of eternity. The primary effect of the entrance of the Spirit of God into human life is to lift up the eyes. The world is fairer to a soul who has found Christ and found in him the secret of life's immeasurable meaning.

Lift up your eyes to the mission fields, also.—Rev. Charles C. Albertson, D. D.

The Lordly Grace of Giving. (718)

"God loveth a cheerful giver." 2 Cor. 9:7. God loveth a cheerful giver because cheerful giving is born of love, and therefore it is a Lover loving a lover and rejoicing in the communion. Giving is the language of loving; indeed, it has no other speech. "God so loved that he gave!"

I. Love finds its very life in giving itself away. Its only pride in possession is the joy

of surrender. If love has all things it yet possesses nothing.

11. But we must not confine our thought to material things when we think of the grace of giving. We must get back to the fontal giving of which the gift of money is only a single issue. It is of this primary spring that James Hinton has a suggestive word: "We must make our thinking too, a giving, an escape from the death of trying to get." That word has surely a very vital significance. Our real giving is to begin in our thinking, and first of all in our supreme thinking, which is in our prayers. Self is to be lost when we commune with our God, and our empty place is to be filled by others. We must be cheerful givers in our intercessions, fellow laborers with God in distributing the holy powers of grace over a needy multitude.

When a man begins to be nobly generous in his prayers, when his highest thinking is a giving and not a getting, we need have no care about his minor forms of beneficence. It will "stream from the hills and descend to the plains."

III. When our divine communion is cheerfully sacrificial the whole of life will be an unconscious sacrifice. That is a great epitaph on Gordon's monument in St. Paul's, and it powerfully illustrates this law of genial and holy sacrifice: "He gave his strength to the weak, his sympathy to the suffering, his substance to the poor, and his heart to God." His great surrender was the offering of love, and it was made in the secret place; and out of that central giving, as streams from a fountain, there flowed all manner of radiant beneficence.

IV. The people who have no money to give are yet not deprived of those joys of cheerful beneficence. "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I thee!" And he imparted a capacity which money could never have bought. The apostle Paul, "having nothing," longed to visit Rome, "that I might impart unto you some spiritual gift." In those supreme realms we can all be benefactors, ministers of a treasure more to be desired than gold, yea, than much fine gold.—Rev. John Henry Jowett, D. D.

"Do You Call That Missions?" (719)

Dr. Barton tells of traveling with a famous public lecturer who in one breath said he did not believe in foreign missions, but in the next breath was enthusiastic in his praise of hospitals, colleges, schools and industrial plants.

"Well," I said, "you have just given me material for one of the best missionary pamphlets I ever read."

"O," said he, "if you call that missions, of course there is no fool who would question for a minute that they are the greatest enterprises in the world."

"Well, we do call that missions."—John F. Cowan, D. D.

Reservations. (720)

History tells us that Louis XI "executed a solemn deed of ownership," conveying to the Virgin Mary the country of Boulonge in France; but reserved for himself all the revenues thereof! How much like this "solemn deed"

are some of the purposes of missionary generosity we form.

Fruits of Sacrifice (721)

When Dr. Adolphus Good was sent inland from the coast of Africa, to see whether he could extend the work among the savage peoples there, the expedition cost him his life, and for a time it looked as though a noble life had been sacrificed in vain. But last year Dr. Good's son visited Elat, a station opened in the district soon after his father's death, and found forty-two self-supporting schools with 3,400 pupils and 4,000 men and women under religious instruction, with 7,500 envelope subscribers supporting the fourteen churches.

Missionary Offerings Increasing (722)

Entire Christendom is giving less than \$50,000,000 a year to missions, a sum roughly estimated at between two cents and three cents a member. In the mission fields the amount per capita is much larger than in Christian lands. African Christians, only a decade out of savagery, gave last year \$5 for each communicant. In Korea they give \$3.50 a member. In Persia they contribute \$6.25 a member; yet in Africa wages are only ten cents a day and in Korea from fifteen to twenty-five cents.

Yet it is encouraging to note that missionary offerings are increasing. Taking the country over, since the advent of the Laymen's Missionary Movement there has been an increase of about six and a half million dollars in the annual receipts for missions, not to include three millions given in large bequests and donations.

Still, with the war cutting down benevolences, this is a crisis in missions which will require every giver to strain to his utmost.

It Illustrates. (723)

Said a beautifully dressed woman to her pastor, "Did you see my two new diamond rings I received for my Christmas present?" "Yes," said her pastor, "I saw them when you dropped that dime in the missionary collection plate." Perhaps that story is apocryphal. Probably it is. But it illustrates.

How Goes the World Crusade? (724)

When Jesus sent out the twelve, he began a world-crusade with a programme beside which the German Kaiser's dream of a central European empire is a small affair.

What is the latest news from the "front"?

Final census returns show that the Christian population of India has increased 33 per cent in the last ten years.

Samoa Christians contributed last year \$23,000 towards general missionary work, together with the Christians of Rarotonga and the Gilbert Islands, sending missionaries to the Papuans of New Guinea.

The Narrow Vision. (725)

A man of great wealth lay upon his dying bed. His daughter was pleading with him to endow a chair in the college she was attending. The pledge was made out, and agreed upon by all the family. The sick man took the

pen, then, torn with emotion, he laid it down, saying: "I can't do it. I have had the money too long. I simply must keep it. I suppose I shall go into my grave with it. Oh, that I had had a different training and a different vision! I want to do it but my will will not let me."

We need a different vision—a vision from lifting up the eyes and looking on the fields—wide fields, white all ready to the harvest.

Another Man's Business. (726)

Sir William Macgregor, whose unflagging zeal for humanity in many parts of the globe has done so much for the cause of Christianity, once discussed with me the relatively rapid progress of Mohammedanism in West Africa as compared with that of Christianity. "It's just this," he said, "every Mohammedan regards himself as a missionary; the majority of Christians think it is another man's work."—Bishop Frodsham.

Our Creditors. (727)

"And I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?"

What would we think of a man who, being in debt, and able to pay, took advantage of the fact that his creditors, poor and ignorant folk, did not know of the money due to them and let them perish by non-payment? One of the best governors of the Isle of Man was impeached for treason in the Civil Wars, and sentenced to death. The king granted a pardon; but it fell into the hands of a bitter enemy of the governor, who never delivered it, and the governor was executed. We hold in our hands the pardon of the world; shall we hold it back?—D. M. Pantton.

Only Moving. (728)

A bright little girl of about eight summers was wisely teaching a bit of a brother some two years younger than herself to master the difficult art of riding a bicycle. After many fruitless trials the little lad steadied himself as he wobbled from side to side and proudly shouted, "I'm moving. I really am moving." His sedate bit of a sister eyed his movements calmly, and coldly replied: "Yes, you are moving, but you are not going." How true this is in the Christian life. Bishop Fowler used to put it in this terse and homely way: "Lots of folks are like a yard engine, that toots its whistle, rings its bell, and makes a lot of noise, but never goes anywhere."

"Who will go?" We are told to go—to "get a move on us"—to go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature.—H.

Paid in Full. (729)

Donald and four grown-up relatives attended divine service one Sabbath morning. Donald selected the aisle seat, and when the missionary contribution plate was passed deposited in it the combined offerings of his family. The vestryman, not realizing this, moved as though to pass the plate to the others in the pew, when he was arrested by a highly-pitched, distinctly-audible stage whisper announcing: "I paid for five."

Let the Druggist Give It! (730)

Mr. Brown, the boarder, gave the little girl of the family a dime. Later the little girl went walking with her mother. Passing a drug store the little girl said, "Come, Mama, let's go in and get a soda." Said the mother, "How can you pay for it?" The daughter said, "I have a dime Mr. Brown gave me." Said the mother, "Why not keep it and give it to missions?" Said the little daughter, "I thought of that too, but decided to let the druggist give it."

Dollars Versus Cents. (731)

"And he . . . beheld how the multitude cast money into the treasury."

A pianist of world-wide reputation came to a western city. The largest auditorium was crowded. The receipts for a single evening was \$2,750. On Sunday night there was a grand mass-meeting to express the sympathy of the Christian people in that city for the persecuted Armenians. A collection was taken up which amounted to \$27.50—exactly one per cent of what was paid to hear the great pianist, —a hundred times as much to gratify musical taste, and, in some instances no doubt, mere curiosity, as to feed the hungry and clothe the naked. From this we see how we often pay to Christ's cause. Jesus beholds us cast our money into the treasury. One per cent is a "mite," but it is not the "mite" that is the "all."—Rev. A. L. Homard.

Too Cheap. (732)

Do not make yourself too cheap. A noted artist lately offended his Government and a remand was placed on his head. He was greatly offended for the price was so small. The old offer "a penny for your thoughts," was no compliment to the mental grist of the grinder. If you want to keep humble over your missionary benevolences, sit down and make an exact memorandum of what you have given, and then compare that with some of your other expenses of indulgences. Do not make yourself too cheap.

New Money. (733)

A few fastidious souls are known to every bank cashier, for they always insist on new bills which are fine for the eye and yet very difficult to count. It is almost a crime to offer such money folded, crumpled and odorous with tobacco. Church treasurers also could name a few generous contributors who always give God the best and cleanest—new bills, shining coins, or checks without a stain from careless penmanship. O, what a thought—Jesus can cleanse the heart that prompts the liberal gift. General Booth said when some institution returned a large gift because it was filthy lucre, "Had I received it I would have gladdened the heart of the widow and orphan and their tears of grateful appreciation would have washed all white as snow." Let us not fumigate our paper money or sterilize our coins, but may the blood of the Lamb wash the giver's soul and thus render acceptable, gifts which otherwise might profit the bestower nothing. "Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor and though I give my body to be burned and have not love it profiteth me

nothing." The poor are helped, and needy causes advanced, but zero is our rating at the spiritual bar. Clean money? Yes, if possible, but clean hearts surely. Let "great, prosperous, space-filling rich men" covet the blessing of the Christ and emulate Joseph of Arimathea who begged the body of the Master and whose garden tomb became the goal of pilgrimage. Givers are listed large or small, prompt or tardy, but take your eyes of the ducats and look at the heart and all are either Christ-like or Judas-like after all. Christ "though rich, yet for our sakes became poor," and the traitor sold the Nazarene for 30 pieces of silver. The one loved souls and the other loved silver. Where will you stand as a giver?—Christian Intelligencer.

Willing Givers. (734)

Church officers who are beginning to consider budget plans for the ecclesiastical year, which generally does not begin until Autumn, will appreciate the story recently heard of a farmer and his cow: "Does your cow voluntarily give milk?" asked a summer boarder. "Well," replied the farmer, "I just can't say how voluntary it is. If we can get her headed into a corner, and tie her there while an active, able-bodied man gets hold of her, she'll yield up considerable."

Consider. (735)

A poor man who had lost both legs was sitting on the street selling pencils. As people passed they threw him an occasional penny. They gave to the poor man, but they did not **consider** him at all. Before they got to the next corner they had forgotten all about him. God wants us to give to the poor, of course, but he wants us far more to consider them. That is, to think why they are poor, and help to prevent their becoming poor, if we can. If we cannot prevent poverty, then he wants us to consider the poor by giving them not only pennies but personal help; finding work for them, it may be. God wants us to try to put ourselves in the place of the poor, and ask ourselves what we would like others to do for us if we were poor.

The same motive applies to missions. Consider your brother on the other side of the world.—H.

Wanting to Give. (736)

The religion of Christ is a religion of philanthropy. A teacher once said, "I can always tell when I am beginning to win the love of my pupils. They manifest it by wanting to give me something." So God knows when he has won our love, or at least we manifest our love by wanting to give something.

The Call for Costly Service (737)

The writer, reading the strangely checkered career of King David, was arrested by this noble sentiment: "Neither will I offer burnt offerings unto Jehovah my God which cost me nothing." He thought: How much room there is in our modern religious life for a principal like that! How many are rendering to God a service that costs? Probably the attention the church receives is as fair a test as is attainable of the value of people put upon their service to God.

Let us take this principle into account in making up our missionary offerings.—H.

Offerings. (738)

The lad by the lake of Galilee brought his little loaves and fishes; Zaccheus brought half of all his goods; the penitent thief brought nothing but his faith; and Christ received them all, and had a place for each. Every sincere offering pleases him, whatever it may be.

An Investor. (739)

On day a boy said to his mother: "I am going down to the church tonight to hear the missionary from Africa, for when he was here before I gave him five cents, and I want to know what he has done with it." We should give intelligently, and follow up our gifts with our interest.

Medical Missions (740)

In India the care of the sick is thought to be so degrading as to belong to those of the lowest social standing. Medical missions have won for it such respect that schools for training nurses are to be found in many places and are sending out those well fitted for service.

Missionary Church. (741)

One of the most remarkable churches is that at Elat in western Africa, starting in 1903 with two men and four women. For three years in succession the additions on confession numbered more than one thousand. There are in the membership more than one thousand helpers paid by the church, and out of 7,500 that confessed Christ in one year, more than 5,000 were won by the native workers, the missionary not meeting them until they had been brought to a decision.

Using Boats. (742)

Good use is made of boats in preaching the gospel in places where regular work cannot be done. On Lake Biwa in Japan, a little launch is kept busy four days in a week, and in this way the people are reached in a hundred villages not on a railroad.

A Woman Robber. (743)

I was preaching in a large city, and was led to testify very strongly on the duty of paying the tithe to God. At the close of the sermon a lady came to me and said, "Do you think,

Mr. Blanchard, that we ought to go back and pays portions of income which belong to God which we have kept, or would it be all right to begin where we are and go forward, paying the tithe hereafter?"

I replied, "You will have to talk with Brother Malachi. He is the authority in regard to tithing."

I went my way, and did not preach again in that congregation for nearly or quite a year. As I was providentially permitted to bear testimony there again, a lady came to me at the close of the sermon, and said to me, "Do you remember me, Mr. Blanchard?"

I said, "Yes, I remember you perfectly. You are the lady who told me last year that you had been stealing from God."

"Yes," she said, "I am the one, and I had no idea what a robber I had been. I found that I had stolen nearly two hundred dollars from God; but I have almost paid up, nearly every bit of it, and I am going to conclude the whole thing." Beside that she said, "I have been paying my tithe all this year, and I intend to be strictly honest with God hereafter."

I said to her, "Well, have you had any difficulty because of paying this money into the treasury of God?"

She said, "That is the wonder of it. I did not suppose that money had so much to do with our happiness as it has. I have been a Christian a long time; but I never was so glad, so continually happy, as I have been this year."

These are not her words, but this is the substance of her testimony as nearly as I can recall it. Of the essential facts I am positive. She was a good Christian woman, willing to do the will of God, desiring to do it, who had failed in duty because she had not been taught so plainly as she should have been, the will of God concerning the use of means.

Note the advantages which resulted from this determination. In the first place, she came into harmony with the revealed will of God. In the second place, the treasury of her church profited by the thing which did her good. Mission and church expenses were borne along on the same tide which brought happiness to her. In the third place, her testimony was fruitful for the helping of others, for in such cases as this no one moves alone. There is always a mixed multitude who follow when Israel goes out of Egypt.—Charles A. Blanchard, D. D.

LABOR DAY

In that fortress of progress which the socialistic workmen of Belgium built in Brussels, the Maison du Peuple, as you pass from one part to another of that hive of many activities, you may happen to go into an upper lecture hall, and note across the end of the platform a great curtain hanging. It is drawn reverently aside, and behind it one sees a fresco of the form of Jesus, with hand uplifted pointing the way above. It is surely deeply significant of the vital power of his message and of the way he wins men still to follow him.

Almost every mention of the name of Jesus in workmen's meetings brings forth the

most hearty applause.

The average workman is naturally religious. His religion may not always be expressed in the orthodox manner, but it is there, nevertheless. Infidelity scarcely exists among workmen. As a matter of fact, they respond most readily to the religious appeal. It is the testimony of nearly every preacher that engages in shop meetings that they are never listened to with greater respect and with greater interest by any other kind of an audience.

The social question is fundamentally a moral and a religious problem. In the end, there

will be not one answer to the social question, but many. But all will agree in this—it will be religious. It will never be settled upon any other basis. History has prophesied it. The best labor leaders are coming to recognize it. Present reform measures indicate it.

We earnestly advocate a general observance of Labor Sunday, this year, Sunday, September 1st, on the part of the church. It directs the attention of the people and the religious leaders to the labor problems of the day and conduces to a more intelligent appreciation of the interests and principles involved in them. The church may not be able to solve these problems, but we are convinced that it is her office to emphasize the great principles upon which any permanent and just settlement of difficulties must proceed. It is for the church to preach the Christian ideals and instill them into men's minds, and thus create a manhood of such Christian quality in those whose business is with these problems that they will bring steadily to bear upon their solution the light of Christian truth. We do not believe that the church is out of sympathy with the laboring men. There is a wrong impression to that effect that a wise and proper observance of this day will help to dispel. For though many a laboring man is out of touch with the church, a very large part of her membership is composed of working people. But the church's problems concern neither labor alone nor capital alone, but has to do with both.

Suggestive Texts and Themes. (745)

The Dignity of Service: "I am among you as one that serveth." Luke 22:27.

A Man and His Brother's Burden: "And it came to pass in these days, when Moses was grown up, that he went out unto his brethren, and looked on their burdens." Ex. 2: 11.

The Christianizing of Commerce: "Her merchandise and he hire shall be holiness to the Lord." Isa. 23:18.

Sweat and Bread: "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." Gen 3: 19.

Causes of Child Labor: "The destruction of the poor in their poverty." Prov. 15:10. I. Poverty. II. Employers' interests. III. The Schools. IV. Indifference.

Statistics of Child Labor: I. Extent. II. Growth. III. Distribution.

The Duty of Labor: "Six days shalt thou labor." Ex. 20:9.

Prompt Payment of Labor: "Thou shalt not defraud thy neighbor, neither rob him; the wages of him that is hired shall not abide with thee all night until the morning." Lev. 19:13.

The Law of the Hired Servant: "Thou shalt not oppress an hired servant," etc. Deut. 24:14,15.

The Happy Laborer: "The sleep of a laboring man is sweet, whether he eat little or much," etc. Eccl. 5:12.

Woe to Labor's Oppressors: "Woe unto him that buildeth his house by unrighteousness, and his chambers by wrong; that useth

his neighbor's service without wages, and giveth him not for his work." Jer. 22:13.

Reward of Industry: "The thoughts of the diligent tend only to plentiousness." Prov. 21:5.

The Effects of Child Labor: I. On health. II. On illiteracy. III. On wage standards. IV. On general prosperity. V. On the home. VI. On industrial efficiency. VII. On moral standards. VIII. On citizenship.

Causes of Poverty: "The destruction of the poor is their poverty." Prov. 15:10.

The Unbrotherly Question: "Am I my brother's keeper?" Gen. 4:9.

The Labor and Liquor Problems: "Our inheritance is turned to strangers, our house to aliens, we are orphans and fatherless, our mothers are widows," etc. Lam. 5:2-5.

The Industrial Conflict: "What hath a man for all his labors?" Eccl. 2:22.

The Church and the Workingman: "Is not this the carpenter's son?" Matt. 13:55.

Labor's Great Champion: "I have called you friends." John 15:15.

Loving the Brotherhood. (746)

"Love the brotherhood." 1 Pet. 2:17.

A rich man invited a poor man to dinner. When they were seated the host said grace, beginning his prayer with the words, "Our Father." After the prayer, the guest inquired, "Is God my Father too?" "Yes, certainly." "You and I are brothers?" "Yes, we are." "Then cut the slices of bread thicker."

I. Socialism? Yes, but not the socialism of Karl Marx; not the socialism of the Russian Bolsheviks, who have such "strong yearnings for the equal division of unequal earnings." Rather the socialism of Moses, of Jesus and of Paul. Moses, Jesus and Paul all admit the righteousness of private ownership, but they all insist upon justice, justice to the strong as well as to the weak, justice to the rich as well as to the poor.

II. They who say that everything belongs to everybody, fail to see that, in the end, under this rule, nothing could belong to anybody. Whatever may be the most effective answer to radical socialism, the speediest cure for the person afflicted with it is to acquire a little property of his own.

III. Take brotherhood at its best, brotherhood in a family in which there are several sons. Each has his peculiar possessions. There is a line of demarcation between what belongs to one and what belongs to another. Private property is not incompatible with brotherhood. However, there are things, which are incompatible with brotherhood, and every such thing is doomed to disappear when the kingdom of God has fully come on the earth. Helpless poverty will disappear. Sweatshops and death-reeking tenements will disappear. Child labor will disappear. The liquor traffic will disappear. Class prejudice and race prejudice will disappear. War will disappear. Why this war? Because the human race has not yet learned the divine art of brotherly love, and because back of this war lie hatred, injustice, falsehood and covetousness—the incarnate denial of Christ and his law of love. —Rev. Charles C. Albertson, D. D.

Sloth and Waste.

(747)

"He that is slothful in his work is a brother to him that is a great waster." Prov. 18:9.

Thus the wise man concludes his sermon on unsocial vices with a censure of laziness.

I. The person whom he has in mind is not entirely inactive. He works, but he has no heart to work. He is slow and dispirited. To him work is not a noble duty, but an unfortunate necessity; not a fine privilege, but a wearisome drudgery. The consequence is that he accomplishes nothing. Measured against results that are justly expected from his labor; his accomplishments are really less than nothing—they represent a waste—a waste of time, of strength, of materials. His work is virtually thrown away.

II. Rightly therefore, the person who is slack at his trade is assigned close kinship with the prodigal, who delights in squandering his goods, and instead of producing something useful destroys the useful things which others have produced by their honest and painstaking labor.

III. Society is in no wise benefited by having such men as its members. Their bad example discourages the industrious workmen. They are a danger to the peace and prosperity of the community, for idleness and shiftlessness lead to criminal actions, and ultimately the honest part of society is taxed either to support the slothful man by charity or to confine him for his misdeeds. Every way sloth leads to waste.

IV. It is a great encouragement to Christians and every sin and vice is shown in its true character in the Bible, and that sinners are made to understand that their actions are not only disapproved by men but judged as utterly unworthy by God of unerring justice. Mere censure of wrong, 'tis true, cannot bring about a reformation of the wrongdoer. Only the Gospel of Jesus can effect that inward change in men that causes them to hate vice and to follow after virtue. But what would this world come to if sins were no longer reproved? We have to thank the righteous God for maintaining in this wicked world his holy law, the constant remembrance to men of their duties and of the consequences of their failure to do their duty.—W. H. T.D.

Doing One's Work.

(748)

"I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do." John 17:4.

Every hour of Jesus' three wonderful years was utilized. No time was wasted. When there was a woman at the well who needed salvation, he forgot his weariness, his eating hour; he had meat to eat that men knew not of, "for my meat is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work." He was arranging for a great harvest of souls while the disciples were looking for food. We should be like him in our work in his vineyard.

I. He has a plan for every man. John Tauler says, "Every work is a gift of God. Let us each do that which another cannot do so well." We must not count our lives dear when engaged in his service. It is God's work we are doing, not our own. Every man's life

fits into God's mighty plan like a mosaic in a picture.

II. We should not complain if we are only the hands, the foot, the eye, for all are essential to the completed body of which Christ is the head, heart and life.

III. Our Divine Guide does not show us all the pathway of our journey unto the end. "One step is enough for me." He is the way and the leading. We follow him, and often he widens the path, enlarges the mission, till the goal is golden with glory immortal. We walk hand in hand with him like a child with a parent, trusting where we cannot trace, believing where we cannot see, and knowing that the heavenly side is just over the Delectable Mountains, where we shall hear the "Well done!" when life's work is ended.—Rev. E. W. Caswell.

Thank God for Work.

(749)

Thank God for the swing of it,

For the clamoring, hammering ring of it,
Passion of labor daily hurled

On the mighty anvils of the world.

Oh, what is so fierce as the flame of it?

And what is so huge as the aim of it?

Thundering on through dearth and doubt,

Calling the plan of the Maker out,

Work the Titan, work the friend,

Shaping the earth to a glorious end.

DRAINING the swamps, and blazing the hills.

Doing whatever the Spirit wills—

Rending a continent apart,

To answer the dream of the Master-heart.

Thank God for the world where none may
shirk—

Thank God for the splendor of work

—Angela Morgan.

The Pay Envelope.

(750)

Sadly we confess the inescapable truth that what many persons want is not a worthy work so much as a good income. It is the weekly pay envelope, rather than the task, that interests them. While it would be folly to ignore the wage aspect of work, yet it is contended that a truly noble worker is first of all interested in his output; for that is the expression of his life to the world.—W. T. fillis.

Dewey's Delight.

(751)

At the close of his autobiography Admiral Dewey wrote a characteristic paragraph: "A gratifying feature of the rank of Admiral of the Navy, which Congress has given me, was that I was to remain in active service for life. While I lived there would be work to do."

This gallant desire of the Admiral's was fulfilled. He was kept at work—worthy and honorable work, work suited to his tastes and to his great abilities. An idle life would have killed him.

How many are there who, far from sharing Dewey's delight in "active service for life," look forward to nothing else so eagerly as to a life of inaction. When duty is all done, their pleasure will be begun.

Of course we know that it is not so. The primal curse is not the curse of labor, but of drudgery. Labor, of proper kind and in due measure, is one of man's greatest blessings. Dewey was right.—A.

God Worketh.

(752)

"God worketh; let me work, too.
God doeth; let me do.
Busy for God my work I ply
Till I rest in the life of eternity."

Less Than the Rest.

(753)

Some men are failures who seem to be very successful. They are doing less than their best. By a short cut to public favor they have won a temporary applause, when they themselves know that they should be doing a far higher class of work. The king who succeeded as a watchmaker, to the neglect of his empire, was a real failure. Nobody is successful who is not doing the very best of which he is capable. An easy triumph may be a great defeat.—W. T. Hllis.

Happiness and Work.

(754)

"Happiness I have discovered," says one, "is nearly always a rebound from hard work. It is one of the follies of men to imagine that they can enjoy mere thought, or emotion, or sentiment! As well try to eat beauty! For happiness must be tricked! She loves to see men at work. She loves sweat, weariness, self-sacrifice. She will be found not in palaces, but in the cornfields and factories and hovering over the littered desks; she crowns the unconscious head of the busy child. If you look up suddenly from hard work you will see her; but if you look too long she fades sorrowfully away."

Child Labor.

(755)

A 14-year-old boy was recently found in an Illinois drug store who worked every day from 6 a. m. to 6 p. m., except two days each week when he worked until 11 p. m. He also worked alternating Sundays so that every other week he worked 85 hours. In a southern cotton mill the weekly hours rarely exceed 60.

In some states where the employment of children in department stores is not regulated, children of 9, 10, and 11 have been found at work.

Street Work.

(756)

Of all forms of street work, the night messenger service is the most demoralizing. There is nothing to be said in its favor. It does not train boys for better jobs in the same line of work and the contact with vice unfits them for any work that requires steadiness and application.

"One boy on being asked what his friends who had left the night messenger service were doing now, replied after reflection that he knew of two who were bartenders, three were working in pool halls, another drove a wagon, another one did odd jobs. 'Most of them never amount to anything,' he said."—6th Annual Report, Kansas City Board of Public Welfare.

Tenement House Work.

(757)

"There was a man in our town,
And he was wondrous wise;
He wanted folks to work at home,
And so he advertised.

"And when he saw the people come
In crowds unto his door,
He said, 'I'll give my work all out;
I need a shop no more.'"

"How doeth the manufacturer
Improve the ostrich tail?
By willowing the scraggy ends
Until they're fit for sale"

"How cheerfully he sits and smiles
Throughout the livelong day,
While children knot the tiny bits
And make the plumes that pay."

The New York Child Labor Committee recommends stringent laws regarding work on the street, ages of work, supervision, hours allowed, terminal limit for evening occupations, and measures which, if enacted in every State, would be one of the greatest blessings the nation ever secured.

Child Labor in Home Industries. (758)

Two days ago one of my fellow-workers visited a family living on Thompson street. It was after school hours. She found a mother and four children making artificial flowers. The oldest girl was eleven years old. Her sister was nine, her little brother was seven, and a little sister was five. The three older children had just come home from school, but the youngest child was too young to go, and worked all day separating the petals of artificial flowers. The oldest child of eleven years was deformed. She was not larger than a child of five.

The mother and four children have set themselves a certain allotment of work to finish each day, and the book in which their earnings are recorded by the employer says that those earnings are sixty cents a day. To earn that sixty cents a day they must make six dozen wreaths of daisies, three or four pieces to each daisy, and thirty-nine daisies on each wreath. The father is a ragman earning six dollars a week. The brother is out of work. The mother and children work until ten or eleven o'clock at night, and what they do not finish at night they must get up in time to finish in the morning before school begins. The little girl, Angelina, said she did the work the teacher gave her to do at home before school in the morning. "This morning, first I did the writing," she said, "then I did the two times, and then the three times, so I won't have so much to do tomorrow. I like school better than home. I don't like home. There's too many flowers."

There is no law violated by the employment of these children. They are in school when they ought to be in school. The building has been inspected by the tenement department and the factory department and found satisfactory, and there is nothing which legally can be done to prevent the work of five, seven, nine or eleven-year-old children.

Similar stories might be multiplied, but this may serve as a picture of present conditions.—National Child Labor Committee.

Cheated Childhood.

(759)

A few months ago was discovered a group of little children working in a New York tenement paper-bag factory. Three or four

children, ranging from four to ten years of age, in a block surrounded by churches, synagogues, social settlements and missions, had been working for possibly a year, yet their very existence had been unknown. Not even the children living in the same tenement knew of their presence, for when they were not at work, or asleep, their few moments of recreation were spent in the cellar belonging to their slave master, that they might not be discovered and taken from him.

A report of the New York Department of Labor just published shows that in tenement occupations in that great city, children five, six and seven years of age are employed, many of them far into the night.

The Church and the Laboring Man. (760)

The fundamental principle of the church's work in the world does not change. It is simply that the church's business is to persuade all men, of every class, to know, love, trust and obey God in Christ. In proportion as that end is accomplished, men see eye to eye, difference and enmity disappear, workman and employed become brethren, rejoicing in each other's prosperity, laboring for each other's interest. The happy consummation may be far in the future. Sin and distrust, departure from God's way, still poison the world's life. But with increasing love for all men and devotion to the service of Jesus among men, the Church labors to present to them the being, the love, the cross, the new life of its Lord.

The relation of the Church to the laboring man is, as nearly as may be, the relation of Christ's own law and life to him. When that is clearly seen by both we shall be near a happy issue out of all our present misunderstandings.

The Child and the Mill. (761)

For out of the dreams of Boyhood, the visions that come and go,
The Boy gains strength unknowingly, that the Man shall prove and know;
The crystal cisterns of mirth must be filled to the brim in May
If the Soul is to faint not nor perish in the heat of life's later day.

Dull-eyed, weary and old—old in his early teens,
You are flinging his future and life to the maws of the brute machines;
And dumb the heart of him now, at the time when his heart should sing—
Are you making slaves or men?—what race will the future bring?

—Don Marquis.

Child Labor. (762)

The church prays, "Thy Kingdom Come." Whatever interferes with the growth of the Kingdom is inimical to the very life of the Church. Whatever promotes the Kingdom is the chief business of the Church. The Seer has taught and the Christ has confirmed the great truth that the Kingdom comes by the way of the child. Towards the Golden Age of the World, towards the establishment of the Holy Mountain, "a little child shall lead." One of the pictures of the city of a future and more

blessed age is thus summed up: "And the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls, playing in the streets thereof." It is almost inconceivable that the children should be toiling in the factories and sweatshops of an ideal city. Perhaps the streets must be made a better environment for the children. But even now in one of our cities, a street full of playing children is itself a sign that the resorts of vice and shame are elsewhere.—A. J. McKelway.

It Don't Pay. (763)

It may be stated as a safe proposition that for every dollar earned by a child under fourteen years of age tenfold will be taken from his earning capacity in later years.—S. W. Woodward.

We Are Made For Work. (764)

Every fibre and faculty in us is plainly a tool shaped for service. A plough or a locomotive is not more evidently built for work than is the human machine. Hands and feet, eye and tongue, brain and heart, stand fitted and ready for action. All the wonderful powers and adaptations of body and soul have no meaning except as they find it in work. And behind or within all these faculties are a mass of motives, impulses, instincts, appetites and aspirations, which, like the steam in the engine, are ever pressing upon our faculties and driving them into action. A human being not at work, then, is like some marvelous mechanism that stands idle and useless. To this end were we born and for this cause came we into the world that we should abound in work, and if we fail to do this we fail in the very end of our being, that which is stamped upon our constitution and built into our bones and blood.—Presbyterian Banner.

Work Is Made For Us. (765)

We live in an unfinished world. We find it with forests unbroken, its fields unploughed, its mines unopened, and all its forces untamed. Man must sink his axe into the forest and must first invent and fashion the axe. He must plough the field and first invent the plough. He must raise his food and weave his clothing and build his home, or he will go hungry and naked and perish. The planet was handed over to man in a raw state, and he had to clear it up and develop it into its present condition; and this work must be continually renewed and enlarged. The battle for bread has been and is a tremendous factor in human history; it has made, or unmade, men and nations and civilizations. This physical field is only one side of man's work. The mental field must equally be conquered and developed, and so must the social and moral and religious. The tangled wilderness of ignorance must be cleared up and made to bloom with the fine harvests of knowledge and art, society must be evolved into better forms, vice must be fought and the Kingdom of God built. All this work corresponds with and fits into man's capacity for work; the two things match each other as do the light and the eye. If we do not do this work it will not be done, and the world will remain or relapse into a wilderness.—Rev. J. H. Snowden, D. D.

Seed Corn of the Kingdom. (766)

We must not grind the seed corn.—Jefferson Davis, when urged to conscript boys for service in the extremity of the Confederacy.

That nation is hastening to ruin—even to commercial ruin—which exploits its children to increase temporarily its wealth.—Edward Howard Griggs.

Smoke of Torment. (767)

Pleasantly rings the Chime that calls to the Bridal-hall or Kirk;
But the Devil might gloatingly pull for the peal that wakes the Child to work!
"Come, little Children," the Mill-bell rings, and drowsily they run,
Little old Men and Women, and human worms who have spun
The life of Infancy into silk; and fed, Child, Mother, and Wife,
The factory's smoke of torment, with the fuel of human life.
O weird white faces, and weary bones, and whether they hurry or crawl
You know them by the factory stamp, they wear it one and all.

—Gerald Massey—"Lady Laura."

Christ a Worker. (768)

"I must work the works of him that sent me." John 9:4.

When Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell was a medical student in London, he yielded himself to D. L. Moody's invitation to follow Christ. The Christian world knows what followed. The youth gave himself first to the mission among the deep-sea fishermen, and later found his field on the bleak coast of Labrador.

Fourteen years after his conversion, Dr. Grenfell called on Mr. Moody in Boston. The missionary said: "I realized my debt to him, and wanted just to say, 'Thank you.' He listened to what I had to say. Then, treating religion as the Lord's business should be treated, he said, 'Good. What have you been doing since?' 'Doing?' echoed Grenfell. 'Well, I've been living and working among fishermen from the Bay of Biscay to the coast of Labrador, instead of staying in London.' 'Regret it?' asked Moody. 'No, sir, I should rather say not.'"

The only regret is for the man who has once met Jesus in the way and yet must hang his head when he comes face to face with the question, as all do sooner or later, "What have you been doing since?"—Christian Advocate.

Work Today. (769)

In a large city there is a statue of a noted soldier on horseback. The horse stands on the pedestal with the forefoot lifted from the ground, just in the act of taking a step. He is just about to go somewhere, but he hasn't started yet. If you go back there two years from now, you will find him in the very same place and in the same position. The birds have built their nests in his ears, for he never moves.

There are a great many people like that horse, people who are just about to do the right, but who never accomplish anything worth while. They are always just about to do something for missions, for temperance, or

for some other worthy and needy cause; but if you go back to them in two years or six years, you will find them where you left them—just about to start. If anything good is to be done, now is the time to begin. The night cometh, when no work can be done, and when all one's good resolutions count for nothing. Tomorrow never comes, but today is always here, and now is the time for doing.

LOVING, ALL ALONG.

"His voice still comes as we tramp on,
With a sorrowful fall in its pleading tones;
'Thou wilt tire in the dreary ways of sin.
I left My home to bring thee in.
In its golden street are no weary feet,
Its rest is pleasant, its songs are sweet.'

And we shout back angrily, hurrying on
To a terrible home where rest is none:
'We want not Your city's golden street,
Nor to hear its constant song.'

AND STILL CHRIST KEEPS ON LOVING US,
LOVING ALL ALONG.

"Rejected still, He pursues each one:
'My child, what more could thy God have done?
Thy sin hid the light of Heaven from Me
When alone in the darkness I died for thee;
Thy sin of today in its shadow lay
Between My face and One turned away.'

And we stop and turn for a moment's space
To fling back that love in the Saviour's face,
To give His heart yet another grief,
And glory in the wrong.

AND STILL CHRIST KEEPS ON LOVING US,
LOVING ALL ALONG.

—Quoted from "God And the War," by Pater-son-Smyth.

REST AND CHANGE

Archbishop Magee of New York, after staying at a hotel, had an extortionate bill presented to him by his host, who after receiving payment, solicitously inquired if his lordship had enjoyed the change and rest. "No, I have had neither," replied the Archbishop; "the waiter had the change, and you've had the rest."

HE HAD MORE LATITUDE.

An aged negro preacher in Virginia had never become ordained, but was content to remain an "exhorter." This seemed rather strange to some of his congregation, and one day they asked him about it.

"Well, it's dis way," said he. "When you's a preacher, you's got ter have a tex' an' stick right close to it, but if you's only a exhorter, you kin branch."

The authorities of Harvard University say that 5,340 men from that institution have entered the United States Army and Navy and Allied armies. Seventy-eight of these have died in the service. War conditions reduced from a normal record of 1,100 to 830 the degrees in course awarded at the commencement recently. Three hundred and fourteen members of the senior class in military and naval service received war certificates. A few of this number came back for commencement exercises, but most of them were reported on active duty in camps at home or at the front in France.

PRAYER MEETING DEPARTMENT

Mid-Week Service. THREE PRAYERS.

Bedtime Prayer.

Ere thou sleepest, gently lay
Every troubled thought away;
Put off worry and distress
As thou puttest off thy dress:
Drop thy burden and thy care
In the quiet arms of prayer.
Lord, thou knowest how I live,
All I've done amiss forgive;
All of good I've tried to do
Strengthen, bless and carry through,
All I love in safety keep,
While in thee I fall asleep.

Night Watch Prayer.

If slumber should forsake
Thy pillow in the dark,
Fret no thyself to mark
How long thou liest awake.
There is a better way—
Let go the strife and strain;
Thine eyes will close again,
If thou wilt only pray.
Lord, thy peaceful gift restore,
Give my body sleep once more;
While I wait my soul will rest
Like a child upon thy breast.

New-Day Prayer.

Ere thou risest from thy bed,
Speak to God whose wings were spread
O'er thee in the helpless night—
Lo, he wakes thee now with light!
Lift thy burden and thy care
In the mighty arms of prayer.
Lord, the newness of this day
Calls me to an untried way;
Let me gladly take the road,
Give me strength to bear my load,
Thou my guide and helper be—
I will travel through with thee.
—Henry Van Dyke.

GENERAL TOPIC FOR THE MONTH. Bible Readings on Common Things.

During this vacation month of August it is suggested that our prayer meetings be focussed on the contents of the Bible itself. Perhaps, if we approach it from some less familiar angle, an interest may be awakened unknown before.

Put the emphasis upon the reading of selected passages. Choose good readers, at least for the longer paragraphs. Give the readers to understand that the responsibility of the service rests largely upon them. The pastor's part will be to make vivid the verses read, to sometimes explain and interpret them, to give them a meaning which the hearers can themselves apply to modern life.

These topics are based upon a list in the Christian Endeavor World.

I. WELLS A CENTER OF ANCIENT LIFE.

Gen. 16:7-10, 13, 14; Gen. 24:42-48; Gen. 29:2-10; Ex. 2:15-20; Gen. 21:25-31; Gen. 26:18-25; Ex. 15:27; 2 Sam. 23:14-17; Isa. 12:3; John 4:5-14.

Expository Notes.

In a land like Palestine—a hot country, with only one great river, and of its three lakes one of them intensely saline, hilly so that the rainfall ran swiftly down the ravines to the sea—the question of water supply was a pressing one. Outside of streams—many of which dried up in the hot seasons—the chief dependence was upon springs, or fountains, wells and cisterns. Among the hills there were many strong springs, but in the valleys and especially the level lands stretching away to the wilderness the chief dependence was on wells. Hence, they played a very important part in the life of the people. Not only did the springs and wells supply the water which is the prime necessity of life, but they

furnished the arena for the social life of the community. Thither came the women for the water for household purposes. Hence, here was the center of the village gossip, the oral daily newspaper. At the wells the flocks and herds were watered. So here was the opportunity for quarrels among rival chiefs. Here the young men saw the maidens, and here were the beginnings of romance. Around the wells surged the tides of every-day life in the Orient.

Gen. 16:7-10, 13, 14. It is by a spring in the wilderness that the runaway slave-girl finds that she has not escaped God. She is sent back to live her life in patient endurance. "To evade duty, to leave responsibility behind us, is impossible."

Gen. 24:42-48; 29:2-10; Ex. 2:15-20. Here is romance around the well. Three maidens coming to water their fathers' flocks meet their fate. Rebekah sees the steward and shows at once her kind-heartedness and her energy by giving him drink and offering to water the camels on which he and his retinue had traveled. Jacob and Moses came to the assistance of the maidens whom they saw at wells, helping them to water their flocks without interference by the rude shepherds. So love is found at the well and new homes are established because of chance meetings there.

Gen. 21:25-31; 26:18-25. But there is more than love and romance at the well. It goes farther in to human life than that. We find here envy and covetousness, quarrels and reconciliations. A well was a valuable possession and easily became the cause of strife among shepherds.

Abraham promptly objects when his servants have been driven from a well and with business caution makes a bargain in oriental fashion with the Arab chief himself for the undisputed possession of the seven wells remaining. (Beer-sheba means "seven wells.") The less vigorous Isaac meekly yields to the grasping Philistine and digs other wells until the aggressor becomes ashamed of himself, and proffers peace.

Ex. 15:27. Wells, springs in the Revision, and the resulting palm trees made an oasis in the barren desert, so delightful that its name, Elim, has served ever since as a synonym for rest and refreshment. The name over the door of one summer cottage on the shore of Lake Erie is "Lakeside Elim."

2 Sam. 23:14-17. One of the most beautiful incidents connected with a well is the story of David's "mighty men" gratifying his longing for a drink from the well of his boyhood's days. On the one hand this well at Bethlehem's gate has evoked love and daring, and sacrifice; on the other side we see a most knightly appreciation of the brave deed.

Isa. 12:3; John 4:5-14. The fact that wells were so entwined with the affairs of everyday life, innocent gossip and love, helpfulness and envy, quarrels and loyalty, made them a symbol of spiritual things, which also should be a part of daily living. The greatest of the Hebrew prophets writes of the "wells of salvation," and the "Man of Galilee" sat upon the well at Sychar and talked to the nameless Samaritan woman about the water of eternal life.

Plan for Our Meeting.

Give each reference to a different person. Have them read in groups as indicated. After each group let the pastor comment on the significance of the passages.

II. GLIMPSES OF BIBLE HOMES.

Gen. 12:6-8; 13:5-12; 18:1-8; 23:1-9;—Gen. 27:6-17, 30-38;—Gen. 37:3, 4, 18-35;—Ex. 2:5-10;—2 Tim. 1:5; 3:14, 15;—Acts 16:13-15.

Expository Notes.

The Home of Abraham. Gen. 12:6-8. Here is our first glimpse of the home of the Semitic chieftain as he enters the land promised to his

race. His home is a tent, and, as soon as the tent is pitched, in front of it is built an altar to the God for whose service he had abandoned Chaldaea and its idols.

Gen. 13:5-12. But tents may shelter envy and strife; and there may also be found friendliness and unselfishness. In tents in the wilderness was seen the same kind of human nature that may be observed in city "flats" today.

Gen. 18:1-8. The virtue of hospitality flourished in the tent of the ancient oriental, demanded by the life of that far-away time. Even though hotels may abound today, we may miss the visit of angels by refusing to offer hospitality. Happy the child who has the broadening memory of the entertaining of ministers and missionaries in his father's house to carry with him into later years.

Gen. 23:1-9. Sorrow came to the tent of old as to the cottage or mansion of today. With supreme pathos the great chief declares himself a stranger and sojourner on earth in the presence of death, and asks for a burying-place to bury his dead out of his sight.

The Home of Isaac. Gen. 27:6-17, 30-38. In the ancient tent of Isaac are jealousy and intrigue, deception and hatred, human passions that have endured through the centuries. Yet quiet, unsuspecting mortals are fooled, and apparently successful villainy ends in flight for life.

The Home of Jacob. Gen. 37: 3, 4, 18-35. In the tent of Jacob we find love and favoritism, jealousy and hatred, intrigue and deception. What he did to his father, his sons do to him—with interest. Deception produces a fourfold crop, even yet.

The Home of Moses. Ex. 2:5-10. We might better say, the home of Amram, but not all would recognize it under that name. We are no longer visiting a tent in the wilderness, but a hut on the banks of the Nile canals. We see oppression and toil and a mother's love and shrewdness. Then there is a baby's cry and a woman's compassion—more of the common heritage of the race.

The Home of Timothy. 2 Tim. 1:5; 3:14, 15. A long jump from Egypt to Asia Minor, and still longer one across the centuries. We come to a home in which the father is a Greek and the mother a Christian Jewess. A youth is growing up under the careful tutelage of his grandmother and mother, a second-generation Christian. We see these earnest Christian women teaching the boy as he grows up more and more of the Sacred Scriptures. The youth becomes the beloved protege of the Apostle Paul.

The Home of Lydia. Acts 16:13-15. The Gospel is entering Europe, with no blare of trumpets, but quietly carried by four men and to a group of women. One of them is a woman from Thyatira, a proselyte to the Jewish faith, a dealer in purple dye. She seems to have been a woman of character and influence among those nearest her, for when she is baptized, she brings with her to the sacred ordinance her household, whether they be children, or household servants, or work-people connected with her business. She must have been a woman of some wealth, for, like the great chieftain, she exercises a cordial hospitality, taking the whole Pauline party to her house to stay.

We see that the Arabian tent, the Egyptian hut, and the homes of Lystra and Philippi sheltered people of like passions with those who live today. Human nature has not changed in four thousand years. And God is the same, yesterday, today and forever.

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III. GLIMPSES OF BIBLE STORMS.

Gen. 7:11; 9:12-15; Ex. 14:21; Ex. 19:16, 17; Josh. 10:10; Psa. 18:9-15; Hab. 3:10, 11; Matt. 8:23-27; Acts 27:14-20, 27-29; Matt. 7:24-29.

Expository Notes.

The First Recorded Storm. Gen. 7:11; 9:12-15. How often now-a-days when we see a furious downpour of rain do we quote that fountains of the great have been broken up and the windows of heaven opened. Then when the storm slackens and the sun comes out, we remember that the rainbow is the token of God's promise that the rain shall ever be controlled.

Two of us sat late one August afternoon facing an almost black eastern sky, against which sprang the perfect arch of two brilliant rain-bows, glowing like jewels, while a third one did not quite complete the semi-circle, lacked, as it were, the keystone.

As we looked, one read the story of the bow in the cloud, the token of the covenant between God and man, which God promised to look upon and remember. As we looked, we fell into awed silence, and recalled the words of the astronomer: "I am thinking thy thoughts after thee, O God!"

The Strong Wind. Ex. 14:21. A strong, long-continued southwest wind has been known to lower the water of Lake Erie, south of the Lake Erie Islands, some seven feet and to pile it up correspondingly down the lake at Buffalo. A light, northeast breeze in the same region, if continued for several hours, will roll white-capped waves on the shore to break into flying spray above the rocks.

The Thunder-storm. Ex. 19:16, 17. To this day a furious thunderstorm brings a sense of the presence of God more than any other ordinary manifestation of nature, and before it yet many a person trembles.

The Hail-storm. Josh. 10:10, 11. More than one battle was decided during the Middle Ages by a sudden rainstorm accompanied by hail. The army into whose faces the rain and hail drove, found it impossible to aim their arrows correctly, and they were defeated.

The Thunder-storm in Poetry. Psa. 18:9-17. In the vivid oriental language of the Hebrew Scriptures, the psalmist pictures Jehovah in furious storm, guiding and controlling it. Psalm 29 is also a "thunderstorm psalm."

Lightning. Hab. 3:10, 11. One of the most majestic and poetical presentations of Jehovah's power over nature is found in the last chapter of Habakuk. Alexander McLaren calls it "one of the most magnificent pieces of imaginative poetry in Scripture or anywhere else." The flashing lightnings, at which we quail, are but Jehovah's weapons, in his control.

The Storm on the Lake. Matt. 8:23-27. Now the Divine control of nature is visualized in our Lord Jesus Christ. His power is so evident that those present speak of the wind and sea obeying his word, as slaves do the command of their master.

The Storm on the Sea. Acts 27:14-20, 27-29. This storm is the climax of Luke's story. Who that has been in a storm at sea, has not thought of Paul's experience? has not "wished for the day?" But the life of Paul, "the slave of Jesus Christ," is preserved, and all that sailed with him. An argument for good companions!

The Testing Storm. Matt. 7:24-27. This storm is a test of actions. This storm shows the permanent value of a man's course of life, of his deeds. Storms of trouble often show the wisdom or folly of a man's choice of foundations for his life.

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IV. HIDING PLACES.

Gen. 3:6-10; Ex. 2:3-10; Josh. 2:2-16; 1 Kings 18:3-15; Psa. 17:7, 8; 27:5; 31:19, 20; Psa. 91:1-4, 9, 10, 15, 16.

Expository Notes.

In these Bible hiding-places we see some seeking refuge from danger hanging over them, we see others helping those in peril to escape through a safe hiding-place, real persons in literal danger. Then there is a figurative use of the expression, a seeking refuge from perils—not a literal but symbolic hiding-place, the refuge from the ills of life.

Gen. 3:6-10. Our far-away ancestors in the garden seek a hiding-place from the penetrating eyes of the Lord because they are conscious they have disobeyed his commands. The first hiding-place in the Bible is sought because from a sense of guilt and shame.

Ex. 2:3-10. The second book of the Bible opens with a glimpse of a beautiful babe, doomed by the edict of Pharaoh to be drowned in the river. When the mother could hide him in her home no longer, she lays him in a covered basket made water tight, and, with a curious shrewdness, obeys the letter of the law by plac-

When in Doubt Eat Cheese.

In 1881 we shipped abroad nearly 150,000,000 pounds of cheese, but in 1914 we shipped only 2,500,000. We simply did not appreciate cheese, and we relied on foreign cheese-makers to such an extent that whereas in 1900 we bought only 13,500,000 pounds from abroad, in 1914 we bought nearly five times as much, or 64,000,000 pounds, much of which could and should have been produced in the United States.

By legislative fiat or court decree no governmental power can induce folks to eat cheese. Perhaps the war will do what courts and Congresses cannot. Perhaps the scarcity of meat will turn us more to cheese, a good, solid, digestible, upstanding food.

Garbage.

The animal and vegetable accumulations which we call garbage divide naturally into moisture and solid matter. And this solid matter may be still further classified as garbage grease and tankage. Tankage, so called, is the solid residue remaining when the water the grease, and the water-soluble portions of garbage have been eliminated. This tankage contains nitrogen, potash, phosphate of lime, and other elements, which is why it becomes valuable as fertilizer. The grease is used in the manufacture of nitroglycerin and in soap-making.

And just what is the practical value of such fertilizers and greases?

A partial answer may be found in the fact that in twenty-nine cities (with a combined population of something over 18,000,000 people), where there are garbage-utilization plants, the grease extraction will produce 10,000,000 pounds of nitroglycerin, that is, sufficient for the powder charge of something like 16,000,000 of the French 75-mm. shells. The fatty acids will help make about 200,000,000 twelve-ounce cakes of soap. And the tankage will suffice to put back into the soil the nitrogen and other elements extracted by 8,000,000 bushels of wheat.

It is equally true, unfortunately, that twenty-four other cities (with a combined population above 5,000,000) which are not utilizing their garbage, are missing their chance to produce 4,400,000 pounds of nitroglycerin, 40,000,000 twelve-ounce cakes of soap, and an amount of fertilizer elements sufficient to raise 3,000,000 bushels of wheat. Then there is the other, and simpler, method of garbage disposal. That is by feeding it to hogs.

Many a boy who has never been near a city has all his life regarded the family garbage as something quite easily disposed of by giving it to the pig or pigs. They thrived on it and the garbage was disposed of. What could be simpler?

For precisely those same two reasons garbage has come to be recognized as a valuable hog feed. In fact, one ton of the table and kitchen refuse, which is by some considered valueless, will produce 100 pounds of firm, first-quality pork.—Literary Digest.

The Jail Population of Maine.

Some of the county jails of the prohibition state of Maine have so few prisoners that the commissioners have seriously considered closing the institutions. It has been suggested that some of the jails, in the interest of economy, might combine and keep the prisoners in one jail, and that Androscoggin, Kennebec and Somerset could house all their prisoners in one place and save the cost of running three institutions.

There are fourteen county jails in Maine, with a total capacity for 875 prisoners. Ordinarily in December there are about 542 inmates in all. Last December found only 187 prisoners in all county jails of Maine, and a number of these were tramps.

In Waldo county Sheriff Cushman announces that there were only twenty commitments during the year, breaking all records. In the past, 558 commitments have been made in one year. There have been no prisoners for intoxication in the Cumberland County jail for four months.

In Washington county there have been as high as 184 commitments in one year, as against 47 in 1917, with only three in jail now.—Zion's Herald.

Doctors Doom Drink.

In his inaugural address as president of the American Medical Association in Chicago, Dr. Arthur D. Bevan was enthusiastically cheered as he called upon the 126,000 members and fellows of that body to help to abolish drink as a military and efficiency necessity. "There can be no doubt," he said, "of the injurious effects of alcoholic drink on both the physical and mental well-being of our population. There can be no doubt that the greatest single factor we can control in the interests of the public health of the nation would be the elimination of alcoholic drink." Among the great wrongs too long tolerated by civilization, such as autocratic government and unequal rights of women, none has done more injury to mankind than drink. "I want to plead for the united action of the organized medical profession of this country to secure protection by law against the injury that drink is doing our people, not as a political measure, but as the most important public health measure that could be secured. In this crisis, when we and our allies are fighting not only for ourselves but also for humanity and civilization, we must organize the entire nation in the most efficient way possible, and this cannot be done without eliminating drink." The reception which was accorded this declaration is one of the most significant indications of the imminent doom of the drink evil.—The Standard.

GENERAL.

Back to the Old Sunday.

Our approval of the recent strong words of the Bishop of London in condemning filthy plays has awakened much favorable comment. A letter from Mr. Bruce Elridge, of Dehli, La., says: "The books of today, the theaters of today, and the moving pictures of today, would shock beyond description any decent person of ten years ago. But many of the decent persons of ten years ago read the books and attend the theaters and moving pictures of today and are not shocked. Their standards have been gradually lowered without perceiving the change. . . . Scandalous and indecent things are enacted on the streets under the sacred name of liberty. The home is no longer the sacred place our forefathers fought for—it is now a mere matter of convenience."

Is it not high time to call the people back to the plain paths their fathers trod, time to give the Bible the place of honor on the library table, time to re-enthroned modesty in dress and deportment in the home and on the street, time to demand decency on the stage, time to renew respect for the sacredness of the Lord's Day, time to make universal once more the church-going habits of our fathers?

Leslie's Weekly.

The passive side of duty is often sublime; but self-respect, social right, international justice, cannot be lightly disregarded. Writers like Nietzsche, who taunt Christians as being destitute of manliness, men in whom the heroic temper has died out, derive much of their plausibility from the mistaken habit of pious men in failing duly to assert themselves. The godly ought to be men of courage; whilst discriminating, resolute in all righteousness. We are not most like Christ when we allow ourselves to be trampled upon. "Quit you like men; be strong." No false meekness. It is a grave fault in a good man to allow injustice, even to himself.—W. L. Watkinson.

Oh, Say Can You Sing?

(One of the most amusing things at the Atlantic City Convention was the following parody on the "Star Spangled Banner," which Dr. Clarence A. Barbour quoted in his address on Thursday afternoon at the first session of the war commission. It brought down the house.)

Oh, say, can you sing, from the start to the end,
What so proudly you stand for when orchestras play it;

When the whole congregation, in voices that blend,

Strike up the grand tune and then torture and slay it?

How valient they shout when they're first starting out;

But the dawn's early light finds them floundering about.

'Tis the Star Spangled Banner they're trying to sing,

But they don't know the words of the precious, brave thing.

Hark, the twilight's last gleaming has some of them stopped,

But the valiant survivors press forward serenely

To the ramparts we watched, when some others are dropped,

And the loss of the leaders is manifest keenly.

Then "The rocket's red glare" gives the bravest a scare,

And there's few left to face the "bombs bursting in air;"

'Tis a thin line of heroes that manage to save The last of the verse, and "the home of the brave."

—The Standard.

Will the general public ever understand that the expression "Rev. Jones" is excruciatingly inelegant? Our notion that its use is confined to country newspapers was shaken the other day by reading in one of the Chicago dailies that "Rev. Jones" would preach in such a church next Sunday. One can with equal impropriety speak of the "Hon. Brown." But distress reaches its climax at hearing ministers themselves refer to "Rev. Jones." The proper expression is "The Rev. John Jones," or, if the initials are not known, "The Rev. Mr. Jones." But "Rev. Jones"—Well, we are tempted to start an anti "Rev. Jones" Society.—Northwestern Christian Advocate.

* * *

The background of our human experience is found in the outdoor world. It renews its beauty, it is not subject, as a whole, to the over-turnings and destructions of the works of man. It helps to console and strengthen us when we are in distress through our own losses or in sympathy with suffering. Letters from the scene of war in France written in Spring tell of the flowers that grow in no-man's land and of birds that nest and sing while shells are screaming overhead. "A sea of flowers," one correspondent writes, spreads, where, since that writing, the tide of battle has rolled and the torn land is now a desolate scene of shell craters and torn up soil.

We have in this beauty of the world a source of happy thought and innocent study which for the interested soul is inexhaustible. It may become a refuge for us from the troubles of a world which will not leave our hearts at peace. The real need is to feel that the world itself is a challenge to our sense of beauty and our interest in life and to cultivate the observant and enjoying mood wherever we may be. Because we are only sojourners, we need not refuse to look through the windows of our inn at the sunset sky.

But an even deeper thought should go with us to garden, field and wood. In spite of all the enemies of life and beauty—cut worms and caterpillars, blight and mildew, weeds and thorns and thistles, Kaisers and cannon—the world is still the place where God walks in beautiful places and where we may meet with him. And he and we may dream and work together for a world made beautiful with growing and unhindered life.

For this is the ultimate satisfaction and wonder of outdoor delight, that in our enjoyment we are drawing nearer to our divine Father, of whom it is written: The glory of the Lord shall endure forever; the Lord shall rejoice in his works.—Congregationalist.

HYPERMORON

Are your habits your tools or your masters? If the former your are rightminded, W. E. Chancellor says in The Journal of Education. If the latter, you are a "moron," some "kind of a fool." At the best you are a "hyper-moron." Many hypermorons are found in society, unrecognized as such.

Traits of the hypermoron are cataloged as "perseveration"—undue or foolish perseverance;

a false relation to new ideas; inability to understand others' points of view; inability to reason beyond the simplest syllogism; slavish sociability, proneness to "join" everything; incapacity for self-government; and being in a hurry. Further, the hypermoron is frequently neurasthenic, can not learn from experience, and is subject to occasional unreasoning fits of anger.

Mr. Chancellor says: Their relative numbers are large among deserted wives, divorced men, tramps, misdemeanants, and petty criminals, clerks, manual laborers, domestic servants, army privates, sailors, school teachers, college instructors, seamstresses, telegraphers and stenographers, preachers, actors, musicians, telephone operators, bookkeepers, laundry workers, inferior railroad workers, farm hands, and small farmers, the third generation of the rich, and "help-ers" generally. There are some occupations and walks of life into which hypermorons can not even get; and other occupations and walks in which, tho once arrived, they can not last. The hypermoron may memorize, but he can not long practise, law. He would not last a week in a job as newspaper reporter. No hypermoron ever succeeds as a merchant or manufacturer or banker or indeed a manager of men in any line whatever. The hypermoron completely fails in social control.—Literary Digest.

Rather a startling and curious list—it might be a live question in Young People's Societies. "Am I a moron?" To be answered by comparisons with the traits given above.

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The Propaganda of the Spirit.

The simple law of the mind's action is the law of repetition. Our thoughts must continue to occupy itself repeatedly with any truth or interest, if that truth or interest is to become a dominant reality in the life.

The moral possibilities of this feature of our mental life are stupendous. It makes all the difference between life and death, between heaven and hell, whether one set of ideas or another becomes the habitual center of our thinking. There is a terrible illustration of its possibility for evil in the present confusion of the world. It is the iron hand of Frederick the Great which has reached across the centuries to leave its livid scar upon our own age. Two hundred years ago, in a little shabby palace in Berlin, old Frederick William I., who had but one idea in the world—his army—determined to make a great soldier of his only son. Against all the natural tastes and inclinations of this youth, he forced him into a military habit of mind. All his discipline and education were bent in this direction. His tutors were ordered not to teach him any literature, art, or music. They were to teach him only history and military science. Young Frederick was bruised and broken and crushed beneath this iron heel of military authority until every higher instinct was smothered. The one compelling ambition of his life was to lead a powerful army to conquest and to glory. That dominating idea, degenerately fostered through the centuries, has produced the Hohenzollern type of mind and through them has so fastened itself upon the German people that today they are obsessed with these ideas. Old Frederick William builded more terribly than he knew when he determined to cross over into the future across the bridge of his child's mind.

If we purpose to prepare a different sort of future for those who come after us, if we do not wish this frightful situation repeated, then there are just two things for us to do: First, we must settle once for all, on the battlefields of Europe, the fate of these dominating ideas of military force and power; second, we must in desperate seriousness begin another sort of propaganda that will fill the mind of humanity and especially the mind of youth, with a different set of ideas which will in time bring forth a different sort of harvest.

That set of ideas we believe we have in Christianity. There is a certain conception of God, a certain interpretation of life, a certain standard of conduct, and all embodied in the power of a living Christ. This gospel will create a very different world when once it becomes dominant in the mind of humanity. When we are half as serious and determined in this matter

as old Frederick William and the long line of rulers and statesmen who have made Germany what it is, then we may hope to become the builders of a new and better world, based upon justice, freedom and Christian principles.—L. H. Bugbee in Zion's Herald.

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What city pastor has not longed for the quiet of a country parish? Let such read this list of engagements of an ordinary Presbyterian country pastor in Arkansas, Rev. James E. Condon, of Benton: Chairman of county chapter of the Red Cross, campaign manager of the Red Cross war fund, district secretary of Y. M. C. A. war fund, first lieutenant in Home Guards, member state executive committee of Y. M. C. A., chairman foreign mission committee of Presbytery, chairman publicity committee of War Savings Stamp campaign, in six months directed three campaigns for Red Cross, Y. M. C. A. and Henderson-Brown College, member of council of defense committee, organizer of county board of commerce, member executive committee of Jersey cattle club, chairman county committee of Duroc Jersey breeders. During this time Mr. Condon states he has not lost more than one Sunday from his pulpit.—Continent.

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A new impetus comes to the cry that food will win the war through the optimistic government report in regard to the crop situation. Wheat is the main stay of support for the Allied peoples and much the largest proportion of wheat must be supplied by farms of the United States. The government report shows nine hundred and thirty-one million bushels fairly in sight, which with good weather may possibly be swelled into an even thousand million bushels. Apparently the second largest crop in the history of our nation is reasonably well assured.

* * *

In the New Jersey Brotherhood convention, a conference on the subject, "What is the most important thing for the men of the church to do now?" the following answers were given:

1. Keep in touch with one another.
2. Keep the home fires burning (meaning family religion).
3. Exalt the essentials that cluster about Christ.
4. Every man work for another man.
5. Tackle a man's job earnestly.
6. Establish a genuine love for Jesus in his own heart.
7. Attend the services of the church.
8. Try to lead others to a personal experience with Jesus.
9. Reveal to other men that they have been with Jesus and learned of him.
10. Enlist for service in the church.
11. Take an interest in Christian principles in civic affairs.
12. Get into the "no license" movement.
13. See that there is a men's Bible class in every church.
14. Tie up to the boy's work.
15. Each man put his greatest effort into religious work.—Continent.

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The International Sunday School Association, which recently held its quadrennial convention in Buffalo, reported that in four years there has been a gain of 21,518 in the number of schools and of 2,208,761 in membership. There are now 1,886,821 officers and teachers, nearly all of whom serve voluntarily. The cradle roll membership is 1,360,377. The total membership of the schools of the association, which embraces the North American continent, is 20,649,797. During the quadrennium, 1,582,575 Sunday School members have joined churches. There are now 64,641 organized adult Bible classes and about 40,000 young people's organized classes. Within ten years more than 3000,000 men have united with Sunday Schools. In the young people's conferences of last year 50,000 confessions of faith in Christ were made. Under the supervision of the home visitation department, which has conducted campaigns in many cities, 48,000,000 men

and women have been visited and invited to church. Of this number 24,000,000 were not church members.

Officers were elected as follows: President, W. O. Thompson, D. D., president Ohio State University; vice presidents, E. Y. Mullens, D. D., president Louisville Baptist Seminary; LeRoy S. Churchill, Buffalo; H. J. Heinz, Pittsburgh; Wm. Hamilton, Ontario; Curtis D. Wilbur, California; Dr. D. W. Curtz, Kansas; treasurer, E. O. Excell, Chicago; assistant, Thomas S. Smith, Chicago; recording secretary, Rev. Herbert S. Hill, New York City.—The Continent.

* * *

A great Christian cathedral is to be built in Cairo in memory of Lord Cromer, Lord Kitchener and all other men of the imperial British forces who have died in Egypt, Gallipoli and Palestine. The sultan has made a contribution of nearly \$5,000 to the building fund, and has given, in conjunction with the council of ministers of the Egyptian government, a magnificent site. The location of the proposed cathedral covers nearly eight acres in the heart of Cairo, on the main road leading to the Nile bridge and the pyramids.

* * *

American medical officers in France have proved that trench fever is a germ disease by injecting blood taken from fever patients into healthy men who had volunteered to be experimented on. They also proved by experimentation that vermin carried the disease.

These volunteers, sixty-six men from United States field hospital and ambulance companies, went through a long siege of trench fever, but are now either entirely cured, or convalescing. By their heroism they made it possible to demonstrate that trench fever is a germ disease, and now since its nature is discovered the American and allied medical corps can take up the question of its control.—Epworth Herald.

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SOMETHING NEW.

With the almost universal use of Duplex, or two pocket envelopes in churches, has come the demand for a collection plate or receptacle large enough to receive these envelopes without having them make an unsightly appearance piled up in the shallow plates, and of sufficient depth to prevent them sliding off. As a result the "Duplex" trays have been made by Wm. H. Dietz Company of Chicago; these are a very unique arrangement; they are appearing in various churches. These trays are 12 inches in diameter, made of best quality quarter sawed oak; the bottom of the plate is open and a very neat shallow bag attachment is put on making a very attractive and necessary piece of Church furniture.

A glance at a song book recently published, entitled "War-Time Songs, Hymns and Home Melodies," shows how completely is met the present day musical requirements for almost every line of Church, Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A., Social, Community and Patriotic activities, "Hymns of National Welfare," i. e., hymns which are religiously patriotic, are very scarce in hymn books now in use. A very choice and ample collection is found in this book. "Hymns of Christian Warfare" are represented also by a great collection of both old and new settings. "Hymns of devotion and Praise," just the kind that help in times of peculiar stress and strain, have found their place in this remarkable book. The "Optimistic and Good Cheer" hymns, such as "Brighten the Corner," "Better Farther On," "Keep Sweet," "Just Smile," etc., which are so helpful in such a time as we are now passing through, are herein found, while the "Patriotic Songs," old and new, and the collection of what we usually call the "Old Home and Heart Songs," add to the book a zest quite unusual but very appropriate.

It is not a book of "War Songs," but a song book for War-time, and we bespeak for it the popularity of which it is worthy. Published by Tullar-Meredith Co., 262 West 36th St., New York. Single copy, 20 cents, postpaid.

HOMILETIC DEPARTMENT

BEST OF RECENT SERMONS

Rev. Claude Allen McKay,
Rev. S. Parkes Cadman, D. D.

Rev. G. B. F. Hallock, D. D.
Rev. William I. Taylor, D. D.

GOD'S LEAST AND BEST CITIZEN

REV. CLAUDE ALLAN MCKAY

Jesus did a daring thing when he lifted the child from the circumference of life and placed him in the center. His disciples frowned, the wise heads, who fed on facts and theories and lived by arguments, were disgusted, and only the mothers were pleased. It was not the first time that the thing that was pleasing to mothers and God was despised by men who thought themselves wiser and much more important.

The frowning disciples and the scornful crowd that day had all history and tradition on their side and that is a big argument always. Davies Moore says: "250,000,000 graves are dug every thirty years in China. The whole country side is a thickly sown cemetery, and yet there are no tokens of burials of children. Not a single tombstone marks the grave of a child." Why? Simply because Buddhism and Confucianism have nowhere said 'Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.' As the proud systems of India and China, so the paganism of Greece and Rome never stoop to reckon in the child. It was too small, too insignificant. It had never fought a battle, carved a statue, written a book or delivered an oration; its life had just gone out like the candle.

It was in the face of all this that Jesus set the child in the midst; and he meant that the transfer should be final and the planting permanent. And although he has been disappointed a thousand, yea ten thousand times, over the pagan attitude of many Christians toward the child yet his purpose has not been defeated. It is a fact that stands unchallenged and needs no further proof that wherever paganism still reigns there the status of the child is zero, and wherever you find Christianity at its best, there you will find the child in the center and estimated at 100 per cent. We do not go far in our study of non-Christian lands without finding that the blight of all the misconduct and misrule of such lands falls heaviest on the heart and lives of the children and their mothers. Who but God can ever estimate the anguish that has followed the thrust of the pagan Prussian sword through the child and mother hearts of Belgium and Poland! It matters little what form of paganism man follows, whether it be the paganism of the sword of selfish conquest, the paganism of a false caste system or the paganism of dire ignorance, the burden and curse of it falls heaviest on the child and the mother. I do not wonder that the heathen mothers find Christianity such a great boon. Nor do I won-

der that more women than men are received into our homeland churches; it would be strange if it were different. But at one thing I do wonder and that is that there is a single mother who has a child she loves who ignores Christ and his church!

Isn't it heartening to behold how wondrously that seed Christ planted so long ago in such unpromising soil has grown into a vast tree, its branches reaching into every phase of our lives and bearing the finest fruit of which civilization knows? Look at our schools, in which we have invested millions of money, and to which an army of trained teachers are giving their lives. Why? Because our Christian nation has learned if we are to be an educated and trained people we must begin with the child. Look at our children's playgrounds, children's hospitals, juvenile courts, and Sunday Schools, to which millions of dollars and thousands of lives are being dedicated! Why? Because we agree with Jesus our Master that the child must be in the center of our interest and affection if we are to be speedily and effectively bring in Christ's kingdom. Yes, the child is in the midst and will continue to be more so, but let us not forget who put the child there! And knowing it is his program we shall not be afraid to follow it.

That day when Jesus lifted the child from the circumference to the center, his words were more staggering than his deed. He said to them "Except you become as little children you shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." He has not changed the conditions for citizenship in the Kingdom. What is there about little children which must be found in us if we are to measure up to requirements for citizenship in his Kingdom? What are the great characteristics of child-nature which we must share?

One of the great qualities of child-nature which is apparent to every one is the **purity of its love**. We know that water is pure which trickles down from the snow-capped mountain or bubbles up in the hillside spring, but we are not so certain of the broad sluggish river or water sent through miles of corroding iron pipes. So it is with the love of a child. Its mind has not yet become polluted with the cynicism and bitterness of the sins of mankind. Its heart has not become corroded with selfishness. But we do not find, we are sorry to say, all children to have a love that is entirely free from the prejudices of older folks or the selfishness which belongs chiefly to adults. Once their love was pure but early they were influenced by their elders. The children in the

home heard the parents, or older brothers and sisters, talk in the most astonishing frankness about their relatives and neighbors, and handle their reputations with perilous carelessness, but when those same friends were met face to face the children noted the deception. The child in the home may be taught the most beautiful faith in God and love for his church, but if there is in that home a mutual, though silent, understanding that the church and its Christ are third rate in importance, you cannot save the child from discovering that fact. If you put business first, pleasure or convenience second, and the church third, the child will sense it and its love will become tainted with selfishness, and you have made the child a pagan.

Jesus said, "except you be converted and become as little children, you shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." Let us not be afraid of that word "converted." I have heard people speak of a certain hour and place with which they marked their conversion. That is better than none at all, but, according to my experience, conversion is a daily privilege and duty. How shall we be converted from our distorted and unkind way of loving folks? It will not be done just once for all. Most of us are very much like Peter. Almost every time we meet the Lord there is some heart motive that needs straightening, or some vicious selfishness which needs the Master's pruning knife. "Except you be converted"—Ah! yes, every morning, noon and night we shall have to turn to Him for that grace which shall give us a pure, uncontaminated love, "as little children."

Another of the great qualities of child-nature which we need for citizenship is its **fine sensitiveness**. The mind and heart of the child are like the sensitive plate of the photographer. We are told of a Psychologist who, in trying to correct some children of certain evil habits and tendencies, found their minds closed to instruction and unresponsive to persuasion. Then this physician of the child-mind decided to read and talk to the child while it was asleep. The policeman of the conscious self was asleep and the teacher entered the door into the subconscious self, into the very holy of holies of the child's soul, and there left on the sensitive soil of the mind, seeds of truth and right. Those seeds took root and grew, the child knew not how, nor did the teacher know perfectly. But in a short time an improvement was noted.

The child-nature is very sensitive to injustice; is it extremely sensitive to the pain and sorrow of others; it is open to the truth without any hesitancy or prejudices, unless it has been spoiled by the elders. Oh, what a hard condition Christ has put before us in order to qualify for citizenship! Again let me say, I think we shall need to be "converted" from our unresponsive, indifferent, cynical, pessimistic condition. I feel certain we shall need the Divine Physician to help us back to spiritual health. Think of the begging, scheming, advertising and team work that is required to get people to support the Red Cross, the Red Triangle, the government fighting for our freedom, and the church in its endeavor to establish men in the ways of righteousness, justice and

peace! These great causes would always be splendidly equipped and supported if our hearts were as sensitive to the right and the good as a little child. I shall never forget one of our own children coming home one Sunday from Sunday School and telling us so perfectly and soulfully, as we sat at the dinner table, the lesson the teacher had brought to them that morning. True enough it was only a Bible story, but it had reached the sensitive plate of the child's soul. He told us, in language that was real and sympathetic, of Paul's languishing in prison, of his writing a letter to friends to send him his books for his mind was hungry and then the child told us with tears in his voice that "Paul said to be sure to send his cloak too for he was cold in that prison cell." Oh, what would we not give for the privilege and power of preaching to hearts like that! If the sermons that are heard in the pulpits this morning all over the land could be carried home on hearts as sensitive as that child-heart, a new Pentecost would come this week. Lord, give us the heart of a child.

There is one more quality which the child-nature has which must be included if we are fair to the child and to that sermon Jesus preached when he took a child for his text. That is the **child's trustful faith**. Do you who are parents find it necessary to say to your children as God says to us in his word, "Fret not thyself because evil doers seem to prosper." Take not anxious thought for the morrow saying, "what shall we eat or what shall we put on?" Your Heavenly Father knoweth the things you have need of." No, the natural, normal child is trustful towards its parents in those things which belong to the parent. The childlike faith which Christ taught when he pointed to the lilies and the sparrows does not excuse us from wise forethought or conservation or industry but it does commend that faith in our great Father which gives to the mind and heart of man the poise and power which brings peace and plenty.

A physician said to a little girl, as he was about to place her on the operating table, "Before we can make you well we must put you to sleep." "Oh, if I am going to sleep," she said, "I must say my prayer first." And kneeling down beside the table she prayed, simply and sincerely. "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray thee, Lord, my soul to keep. If I should die before I wake, I pray thee, Lord my soul to take." The surgeon said afterward that he prayed that night for the first time in thirty years. He said he prayed for the child which had so wonderfully committed its life into the care of the Infinite Father, then he said he prayed for his own hardened heart, and, with a new light in his face, he added, "My prayer was answered."

A mother took her little four-year-old boy by the hand and climbed the stairs to his room. The father was away that night. The house was dark and still and the child sensed the fear in the mother's every move and word. When the light was put out, the moon shone through the bedroom window. "Mama, is the moon God's light?" the child asked timidly.

"Yes dear," the mother answered, "the moon and stars are all God's lights."

"Will God blow out his light and go to sleep too?" was the next question.

"No, my child," replied the mother, "God never sleeps and his lights are always burning."

Then the faith of the child spoke out in complete trust, "Well, mama, while God's awake, I'm not afraid."

Lord, help us for we do so want to become "as little children," pure in our love, sensitive to all that is right and good, and trustful in our faith.

A SUMMER VESPER SERVICE

Rev. G. B. F. HALLOCK, D. D.

Salutation: "In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths." Prov. 3:6.

Hymn: "Cast Thy Burden on the Lord."

Scripture: Matt. 6:13-34.

Meditation: UNLOAD YOUR CARES.

Text: "Casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you." I Pet. 5:7.

A very beautiful thought is brought out by the French translation of this verse. Where our version reads "casting" the French translation is "unload." The difference of meaning is made plain by an illustration we have somewhere seen. The writer said: "The word 'cast' might seem to bring to our mind the action of taking up something and throwing it over on Jesus; but many times, dear friend, have you not found the cares too heavy to lift? Have you not felt that they are crushing you with their weight? Have you ever seen a coal cart unload? The man took out of the front of the heavy cart a little iron pin and the cart was so balanced on the axles that then, with a slight pressure on the back of the cart, it would tip up and the whole load slide on to the ground, and the pony would trot away with a light step. You do not have to take it up; just take out the little pin of your endeavors to help matters, and then, with your hands of faith and committal, tip up the big load, and then run on, for 'He takes care of you.'"

Whether the cares of life bear as a load upon the shoulders, the head, or the heart, or upon all three, we are permitted to "roll them upon the Lord."

1. Unload the cares you carry on your shoulders. It may be that it is the daily responsibility of toil that rests so heavy upon you. You feel that you have so much to do. There is so much depending on your doing it. Your family must be fed; your children must be educated; that sick wife or daughter must be tended. There is a tremendous load upon your shoulders. You ask if it is possible to unload any such actual, human, every-day burdens as these upon God. How can it be done? For answer we give an illustration heard from the lips of the aged and saintly pastor, the late Rev. Dr. James B. Shaw, of Rochester, N. Y., used in one of the last sermons he preached, shortly before his death. He said: "You have all noticed how little children keep constantly on the go; they play from morning till night and work so hard as it, keeping on, keeping on,—you can scarcely get them to stop to sleep. Indeed if Sleep gets them at all he must catch them on the fly! It is a wonder to you, an actual source of amazement how they ever manage to keep up their work and activity so long. The secret is" he added, "that they are free from care. They do the work and let the father take the worry." If

we were only like children in this respect, how much longer and better we could live and how much more we could accomplish! Let us do the work and let the Father take the worry. God is willing to take your load and leave you "free to serve."

A father was moving his library upstairs. His little boy wanted to help, and piled his arms full of books. But at the foot of the stairs he could go no farther. The burden was too heavy, and he stood there crying. In a moment the father came and took up both the boy and the books and carried them up. That is the way God is willing to do with you—carry both you and your burden. "He careth for you."

II. Unload the cares you carry on your head. That may sound a little odd, but people do carry burdens on their heads. Some also carry burdens that no one can see on their heads. There are men who try to sleep with cash books and cash boxes and ledgers piled up on their heads; and some have heavier things, such as stores and buildings and bridges and railroads and great institutions on their heads. In some respects there is not much difference between the burdens that rest on the shoulders and those that rest on the head. Indeed our whole self is concerned when we carry a heavy burden anywhere. Nevertheless many a person has broken down under a burden on the head who could have borne well a greater weight upon the shoulders.

Let another illustration teach us how these burdens of anxiety and mental care and strain can be rolled off upon our Burden Bearer.

A shipmaster was once out for three nights in a storm; close by the harbor, he yet dared not attempt to go in, and the sea was too rough for the pilot to come aboard. Afraid to trust the less experienced sailors, he himself stood firmly at the helm. Human endurance almost gave way before the unwonted strain. Worn with toil, beating about, and yet more with anxiety for his crew and cargo, he was well-nigh relinquishing the wheel and letting all go awreck, when he saw the little boat coming with the pilot. At once that hardy sailor sprang on the deck, and, with only a word, took the helm in his hand. The captain went immediately below for food and rest, and especially for comfort to the passengers, who were weary with apprehension. Plainly, now, his duty was in the cabin. The pilot would care for the ship. Where had his burden gone? Where, indeed? for the captain's heart was as light as a schoolboy's and his mind as free from care. He felt no pressure. The pilot, too, seemed perfectly unconcerned. He had no distress, either. But where had the burden gone? The great load of anxiety was

gone forever, fallen in some way or other between them! It must be in some such way as this the untold multitudes of earth are invited to unload their mental cares and anxieties upon God and yet his own burden never becomes too great.

III. Unload the cares you carry on your heart. God has no children without sorrow, and in many cases the load seems to heavy to be borne; but his own invitation is: "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee." If you will look at this verse as it stands in our English Bibles you will see that another translation is added upon the margin alongside, introducing the exceedingly impressive figure of speech employed by the Psalmist in his own language. There it reads: "Roll thy way upon the Lord;" as if our care was a burden, and could be heaved off upon Almighty Shoulders, so that our relieved souls could stand up lithe and erect.

But the thing that can most surely unload the heart is to come into consciousness of the fact so plainly stated: "He careth for you." That means that he loves us and sympathizes with us, and will exercise his strength in our

behalf. Whatever the burden that bears down the heart, to know that God has not left us out of mind or out of sight, but that he is "keeping watch over his own," and "will make all things work together for our good," cannot fail to lighten the weight and give a sense of security and a glad hope of final good. Unload your cares.

Prayer: "Almighty God, our heavenly Father, who settest the solitary in families, we commend to thy continual care the homes in which thy people dwell. Put far from them, we beseech thee, every root of bitterness, the desire of vain glory and of the pride of life. Fill them with faith, virtue, knowledge, temperance, patience, godliness. Knit together in constant affection those who, in holy wedlock, have been made one flesh; turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to their fathers and so enkindle charity among us all that we be ever more kindly affectioned with brotherly love; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

Offer together the Lord's Prayer.

Benediction.

THE DIVINE RECONCILER

REV. S. PARKES CADMAN, D. D.

Text: "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself." 2 Cor. 5:19.

This is the age of philanthropy. There is no one whom we delight to honor more than the good men and women of our time who identify themselves with the poor, the ignorant and the neglected, thinking their thoughts, submerging themselves in their interests, caring for their necessities. Such Christ-like laborers command our reverence. We call them Christ-like because they have their Eternal Example in him who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life as a ransom for many. The Incarnation of the Only Begotten Son of God is the creature prototype of all such beneficent activities.

Jesus is set before us in the gospels as the Revealer of the Father, as the Supreme Guide of man, as the Sinless and Perfect One who showed that the prince of this world had nothing in him. These offices and acts culminated in his death and resurrection, which, in a thousand ways we can never fully realize, abolished the hindrances and barriers between the Creator and the creature. Hence the apostle, in describing the ambassador's trip of the Christian ministry, lays its weight upon one paramount moral and spiritual truth embodied in the historical Redeemer. He solemnly assures us that God was in Christ, reconciling us to himself, giving unto all who believe pardon for their trespasses and sins, admitting them into the fellowship of life eternal. What love, what service, can be as vital or as precious as this love and service?

Certainly, all men, however degraded, have an inkling of their Maker. Belief in his existence is too deeply rooted in the human soul, too magnificently expressed in the Scriptures, to be in any real danger. But our Lord raises this instinct for God, this faint

apprehension to his existence, this ideal of his nature, into a state of grace and holiness and love. He vivifies the conception of the Eternal One until it gains measureless capacity for life and power. And he does this in three great ways: by his teaching, his life, and his atonement.

Let us review these in their order.

I. He began by confirming and correcting previous teachings which are found in the revealed religion of Israel, and by instructing men that the Jehovah of Sinai and of Horeb is the father, not merely of mankind as a whole, but of the individual man. This fatherhood is extended even to the rebellious prodigal, the outcast who will not return to the domestic circle until hunger and despair drive him there.

It is not a superficial or an arbitrary relation. On the contrary, it arises out of the divine element in man, which God ever seeks to affiliate with his infinite love; to bring into closest fellowship, into one living unity. Such an exalted view of our natural affinity with the father of the spirits of all flesh can be held consistently with the fullest recognition of that radical moral disorder and spiritual failure of men which we call sin.

In all these things the words of our Master closely corresponds with the convictions of mankind. We know that we have sinned and fallen far short of the purpose of God. To attempt to palliate or deny this sinister fact is useless. And because we have sinned, and others have sinned before us, guilt and penalty have been transmitted and personally deserved. Nor is it true that our wrongdoing springs from ignorance. The vast majority of men and women violate the laws of heaven knowingly and wilfully. They are free to do right; they deliberately choose to do wrong, and thus widen the breach between themselves and every moral and religious attainment.

Jesus met this disaster by announcing himself as the Shepherd who seeks the lost sheep, the physician who heals diseased souls, the Saviour who pays the ransom for forfeited lives. He taught them that to know God aright, and to glorify him forever were the only rational ends of their being.

II. But how could such instruction as this prevail against fleshly appetites and immoral tendencies, if it stood alone, unsupported by example and left entirely to precept? Prophets and sages have given us similar advice, not so illustrious, not so authoritative, but wise and clear enough to be received. They were not so received because those who aspired to be our guides were themselves in a like condemnation with us. Therefore it is important to recall that if Jesus reconciles us to God by his words, he reconciles us still more by his life. He was sinless, without spot or blemish! He stands beyond and far above all saints and heroes who have illuminated life's possibilities. Things seen are greater than things heard. Every vision we have of him is entrancingly holy and just.

This, mark you, was the noblest of ideals fulfilled by One who was tempted in all points like unto his brethren, yet without sin. The perfect order, symmetry, beauty of such goodness, its freedom and yet its dutifulness, its lowliness and yet its sovereignty, its righteousness and yet its compassion, the indisturbable balance of its qualities, have made men everywhere aware of their own defilement, and reminded them of their better portion and their diviner calling. Nor was the pattern he supplied inaccessible to men. On the contrary, he was the friend of harlots and publicans. He lived among the desolate and the bondsmen as one who served. His miracles of healing and of release were deeds of love. Men looked upon him and cried, "Behold our God!" Had he said little, and been content to live and act as he did live and act, they would forever have connected him with the Father. Thus, with one exception, the life of Jesus and the teaching of Jesus have been the greatest religious forces that have entered our mortal sphere.

III. That exception is his death.

Not on the teaching nor on the life of the Christ do the New Testament writers lay chief stress as the means of deliverance from sin, but on the death of Christ. I am aware that the Atonement has been practically banished from many pulpits. And where it is named, references to it are frequently so meager and shadowy that they afford neither hope nor consolation for the sad, the weary, the unclean souls that have wandered wide from this central point of Christian truth and Christian joy. The result is that much preaching today is a mere vibration of breath; a retailing of meaningless phrases, or a collocation of moral advices and literary arts which have no control over the actual state of the church and the world. Neither the blessing of God nor the attention of men is given to these utterances. As a rule, they fall dead at the feet of the speaker.

The minister of the gospel, who halts at the cross and stumbles over its offense, may be an ethical or social instructor, but a herald of

God and an ambassador of Christ he cannot be. The reconciliation, which is the essence of the Incarnation and of the Evangel, is not found in his efforts. Perhaps his neglect or hesitation in dealing with the main theme of the New Testament are due to his objection to theories of the Atonement. These are, one and all, confessedly insufficient. No theologian nor preacher can transfer the oceanic content of God's love and righteousness in the Cross to any doctrinal system. But they can voyage on its broad bosom as the stately liner plows the Atlantic. They can and they should meditate on the deep things of God therein contained. They can and they should determine, in an era like ours, to know nothing among men save "Christ and him crucified."

Consider the space and treatment given to the death of Christ in the Scriptures: Now it recurs again and yet again; now it is attached to all heights and depths of love, sacrifice, deliverance, holiness and adoration. Consider its permanent monument in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, which is to be to all Christians "a memorial of his precious death until his coming again."

The Crucifixion was the deed of wickedness which revealed, as a flash of lightning reveals a precipice, the derangement and damnability of sin. It was the self-manifestation of the Eternal Heart which suffered in the flesh on the tree. It was and is the bond which drew man into vital union with God, by providing a basis for man's forgiveness and acceptance. Viewed in any light, or in what it does in us or for us, it is the summit of the teaching and of the example of Christ and the completion of his revelation. After the foul deed was wrought on him who suffered, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God, man could never doubt that love is the deepest passion in the heart of the All Merciful, or that he chooses to work no self-sacrifice for the benefit of his offspring.

Comrades in this military duty that we have been called upon to render for our beloved country, I cannot bid you farewell without beseeching you, in Christ's stead, to be reconciled to God. Your soldierly sense and manhood will readily admit that you have sorrows to be consoled and sins to be forgiven. From my knowledge of you, while I recognize in you many admirable traits of character, I also mourn over some fatal discrepancies. Will you not place your trust in the divine Lord and Master, who was and is the living Revealer of the Father's love for you, who died to make you free from lust and carnal appetite, and to raise you to the everlasting honor and dignity of the sons of God?

COMPARATIVELY SAFE.

"So your boy, Josh, is in the army?" "Yes," replied Mrs. Cornfossel; "and we're mighty proud of him." "Suppose something happens to him?" "Well, we haven't thought much about that. When Josh gets into a mix-up he 'most invariably ain't the one that something happens to."

THE SIGN OF THE CROSS

REV. WILLIAM I. TAYLOR, D. D.

Text: "If thou be the Son of God, come down from the cross." Matt. 27:40.

It is hard for us, brought up as we have been, to understand how any one could be so heartless as to taunt a man undergoing the agonies of crucifixion. But there were many cruel men in Jesus' day. And the cruel men are not all dead yet.

The taunt of the text was the expression of a disposition against which the best of men, to this day, have to be on their guard—the disposition to exult over a fallen foe. But back of this disposition, in the minds of the men who taunted Jesus, was an idea. It was the idea that men do not suffer unless they cannot help it. They could not understand why, if Jesus was what he said he was, he allowed himself to be crucified. The mere fact that he submitted to the cross was sufficient to disprove his divine claims.

I. That was because they did not know what his cross really was. The only cross they reckoned with was the cross they saw, the rough wooden cross that held the Saviour's sugering body. For 900 years, counting from about 300 years after Jesus' death (we know nothing about it for those 300 years) that cross was the object of the most intense concern and the most profound reverence throughout Christendom. The Empress Helena, mother of the first Christian Emperor of Rome, Constantine, went to Jerusalem especially to find it. In a pit near the spot where Jesus was then supposed to have been crucified, she found some pieces of wood of considerable size which she believed to be parts of "The True Cross." The great news of the discovery is said to have been telegraphed by beacon fires all the way from Jerusalem to Byzantium, where the Emperor was impatiently awaiting it. He built a great church over the spot where the pieces were found. There for three hundred years they were exhibited at Easter to pilgrims from all over the world. Bits of them were sold at great price to wealthy persons who presented them to churches and abbeys where they were displayed in gold and jewelled caskets. When the original pieces fell into the hands of the Turks, all Christendom felt disgraced, and, 400 years after, those pieces of wood were one of the most powerful of the motives for the Crusaders. In 1187 they were recaptured by the Turks and since 1192 nothing has been heard of them. All this time they were known as "The True Cross."

But the material cross was not "The True Cross." The cross on which his body hung was only an incident and a symbol. The true cross was the burden of the world's sin and misery which Christ took on himself in his desire to free men from them. It was not the nails, nor the Roman guard, that held him to the Cross. It was his love and compassion for men, his enemies thought that because he did not come down from the cross he was not the Son of God. But it was just because he was the Son of God that he stayed up there until he could cry, "It is finished." He need not have suffered. He could have escaped—

if he had not been the Son of God. But being the Son of God, having a divine heart of love in his breast, "Necessity was laid upon him." He had to endure the taunt, "if thou be the Son of God come down from the cross." It was absolutely true of him, as his enemies said, "He saved others, himself he could not save."

II. Now let us think of our cross. One of the most interesting things about Jesus Christ—the thing that justifies his title of "Son of Man"—is the extent to which his life epitomized the life of the race the way in which his life is constantly being reproduced in the lives of his followers. You remember that, after he had told his disciples about his own coming suffering and death, he spoke those stern words, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me."

He was not to be the only one to have a cross. His disciples, every one of them, were to have crosses, too. In fact he made willingness to bear one's cross a condition of discipleship. "Whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after me, cannot be my disciple."

In entering the war, I suppose that few if any of us thought of connecting our act with this requirement of Christ. And yet, what else was it that we did? What else is it we are doing? It is true that as a nation we felt that we had interests, selfish interests if you please, at stake. But individually, so far as our own personal interests were concerned, I think we would all have been more than willing to remain out of the war and take our chances. But it was the thought of the nation, of future generations of Americans, of the suffering peoples on the other side of the sea, of the world, of the whole future of the face, of the kingdom of God on earth—it was the thought of all this that made us willing, individually, to enter the awful struggle and that makes us determined, now that we are in it, to see it through to a victorious finish. Individually, then, our participation in the war has the element essential to all true Christian cross-bearing, the voluntary endurance of loss and pain for the sake of others.

And we are held to it by the same sort of interior necessity as that by which Jesus was held to his Cross. The temptation to come down from our cross does not come to us, as it came to him, in the form of a taunt. It comes to us in the steadily increasing weight of the burden; in the sharpening pain and the deepening shadows of sorrow. It comes to us through privation and the taking of our money. It comes to us in the voice of the weakling and the coward, who says, "Come down from the cross. Stop this slaughter. Never mind the future. Let the future take care of itself. Nothing could be worse than this." It comes to us in the voice of the pacifist, who says, "If thou be the disciple of him who said, 'Resist not evil,' cease this strife, and come down from the cross." It comes to us in the voice of the enemy emissary, the voice that has so disastrously misled the people of Russia, the voice that wrought such havoc to the Italian

forces, the voice that has been talking so industriously, but to less purpose in France, England and the United States, the voice of the enemy who has peace on his tongue and war in his heart, who says, "Why prolong the war any further? We are ready to make peace on fair terms. Let us all come down from the crosses on which we are suffering the tortures of the damned and bleeding to death."

Thank God these voices have no more effect upon the heart of the American people than the taunt of the rabble had upon Jesus. As sons of God, we will not, we cannot come down from our cross until all be fulfilled. We have heard the cry of the suffering world. We have seen the haked soul of the oppressor-nation as it has been laid bare by its own words and deeds, and we know it for an evil soul with which the sons of God can not and should not make peace. We are convinced that there can not be peace nor righteousness nor joy in the world until that evil soul is made powerless for further harm, and, please God, chastened and purified by defeat. It is our task, and the task of our allies, to administer that defeat. There is no one else to do it. And so, "Necessity is laid upon us." It "behooves us to suffer." We must stay on our cross until we, too, can cry "It is finished."

III. We make no pretense that our motive in this war is free from all admixture of evil. We are not saints or angels. We are undoubtedly influenced, probably far more than we know, by considerations of national honor and self-interest, and, if not by hate, then something very akin to it. I do not believe that our chief motive, our determining motive is the motive of the Cross—willingness to labor and to endure loss and pain for the sake of others.

I believe that this is the chief motive of all classes among the allied peoples. But if any branch of war service is to be accorded the honor of being actuated by a purer motive than the others, I think it is the branch which wears the sign of the Red Cross. For the very soul of the Red Cross is compassion. The idea that inspires and controls all its vast and multifarious operations is compassion. It knows no other word than this—compassion, "suffering with." "The Red Cross aims to express in works of mercy the hearts and souls of America and to bind up the wounds of a bleeding world." Its heart is the loving heart that makes the suffering of others its own, first to relieve, than if possible to cure, and then if possible to prevent.

"I am a man, and nothing pertaining to man do I regard as foreign to me," said the old Roman. "I am human," says the Red Cross; "no human suffering do I regard as foreign to me." Originally organized in Europe to mitigate the sufferings of wounded soldiers and others in wartime, it was our own Clara Barton, first President of our American Red Cross who persuaded the International Society to amend its constitution so that it might distribute relief not only in war but in such other calamities as famines, floods, earthquakes, cyclones, pestilence, conflagration, explosions. In the present war the outreach of its overshadowing wings of mercy is co-extensive with the fiery blast of the war itself. Well may the first report of its War Council say, "The American Red Cross is attempting to respond

to the most beseeching and far-reaching appeal ever made for mercy and relief." A bare catalogue of its activities would take more time than we could devote to it. What a great heart to see so much misery and not feel that it is of no use to try to wrestle with it! What divine compassion to take it all in, to suffer with it all, and actually undertake to deal with it!

As its spirit is not daunted by the magnitude of the world's suffering, so it is not cramp by prejudice or partiality. Nationality makes no difference. Race, no difference. Religion, no difference. All humanity is its concern.

And one of the best things about it is that its compassion is not all sentiment, or impulse. Its compassion is not compassion run wild. It is guided always by intelligence. In medicine, in surgery, in sanitation, in prophylactics its methods are invariably those of the latest science. In its finances and general administration it now commands the service, freely given, of some of the greatest experts in the country.

It is a great honor, and a great source of confidence and courage to belong to such an organization as this—so vast, so powerful, so efficient. But let us not forget that its noblest distinction is the spirit which is symbolized in its badge. Why a cross? Why not a square, or a circle, or some allegorical figure of Mercy? Because, as a simple matter of historical fact, the Cross has become the world's symbol of compassion and self-sacrifice. And why? Who made it so? Surely there is only one answer, Jesus Christ. The power and beauty which Christ has imparted to the Cross as a symbol is one of the marvels of history. The gallows, the guillotine and the electric chair all belong to the same class. When Jesus was condemned to crucifixion the cross had no meaning different from these more modern instruments of execution. But Jesus made it a thing to be revered and gloried in—a thing to adorn churches and altars; a thing to shine from the helmets of soldiers and the standards that led them into battle; a thing to be wrought in gold and silver and precious stones and worn on the person; a thing with which to bring sinful men and women to the feet of God in penitent faith and send them away with songs of deliverance on their tongues; a thing to fire the hearts of multitudes with the passion of self-sacrifice; a thing to be held in the hands and kissed by the lips of the dying.

The Turks were right in seeing a religious significance in the Sign of the Red Cross. But they perpetrated a bit of ghastly irony when they substituted for it the Red Crescent. When did the Crescent of Mohammed ever stand for mercy?

The Jews have shown their breadth of mind in accepting it and working under it and giving most generously to the organization whose symbol it is. And why should they not? Jesus was a Jew. He learned his first lessons of compassion from the Jewish Scriptures which are full of the most beautiful precepts of charity. And even if they do not regard him as we do, he was one of their Prophets; and sober history, true alike for Jew, Mohammedan, Buddhist, infidel and Christian, acknowledges

Jesus Christ as the world's supreme teacher and example of compassion and self-sacrifice. Members of Red Cross, the badge you are wearing is not just "a cross." It is Christ's cross. It is his sign. You are engaged in a work inspired by his spirit. His empire is the heart. Are you his in your heart?

ENCOURAGEMENT ITEMS FOR YOUR WAR SERMON.

The following paragraph is worth quoting in a sermon, or using it in a prayer meeting service, and printing on your calendar:

The Biblical World points out that the war has shown us three divine things as unexpected features in the mentality of common man: "First, the divine compulsion of duty, duty to country, to the call of honor, to freedom and justice, to wronged and oppressed humanity. Secondly, the power and glory of self-sacrifice in every heart. Men gave their life-blood gladly because it was the only way to save humanity. In the third place, there is the clear realization that spiritual values are higher than material. The truth shines clear to all ages that not in things but in souls is a nation's true life, that its destiny is controlled not by wealth or armies or extent of territory, but by the heroic temper of its people." The idea of the Biblical World is that in these three great things lies the hope of the churches and of future religion. That, indeed, these are religion. Accordingly, they should be the stuff and fiber of preaching, and that everywhere in the church, spiritual values, great ethical topics, practical issues, must take the place of intellectual controversy.

WHEN YOU DEDICATE YOUR NEW CHURCH INVITE THE WORKING MEN.

When the First Congregational Church, Toledo, Ohio, dedicated its new auditorium it made as its special guests at one of the services the bricklayers, iron workers, carpenters, masons, and, in fact, all who had anything to do with the construction of the building. Said one of them, the tears coursing down his cheeks: "This is the first time in my life I ever heard of an invitation of this kind being extended to the working men. It is the first time I have ever been recognized as other than a cog in the machine."

We wish this idea of a working man's night might come to be a part of the program whenever any religious structure is dedicated. The idea has occasionally been worked out elsewhere, for example at Plymouth Church, Seattle, but it was new to Toledo, and it is safe to say that the working men of that city hereafter will have a warm place in their hearts for the pastor and his people.

IT PAYS TO ORGANIZE

A planter down in Kentucky had just employed a strange negro as a mule-driver. He handed him a brand-new blacksnake whip, climbed up on a seat behind a pair of mules, and asked the darkey if he could use the whip. Without a word the mule-driver drew the black lash between his fingers, swung it over his head, and flicked a beautiful butterfly from a clover blossom alongside the road over which they were traveling.

"That isn't so bad," remarked the planter. "Can you hit that honeybee over there?"

Again the negro swung the whip, and the honeybee fell dead.

Noting a pair of bumblebees on still another blossom, the negro switched them out of existence with the cracker of his new blacksnake, and drew further admiration from his new employer.

A little farther along the planter spied a hornets nest in a bush beside the highway. Two or three hornets were assembled at the entrance to the nest.

"Can you hit them, Sam?" he inquired, pointing to the hornets.

"Yes, sah, I kin," replied the negro, "but I ain't goin' to; dey's organized."

It pays to organize for good. It pays to organize against evil. It is easy to pick individuals or votes or influence off one by one, but it is not easy to win out against effective organization.

Work the Means of Our Development.

We grow through activity. An unused muscle remains undeveloped and atrophies into withered helplessness; set that muscle into action and it grows full-blooded and firm until it has the elasticity and strength of a steel spring. Every fibre and nerve and mental and moral faculty obeys the same law. Physical activity develops and disciplines the body, study broadens the brain, and the exercise of sympathy mellows the heart. Without work we would remain babes; through work we become men. While we are working at our work, our work is working at us. While a man is building a house, the house is building the man. The same kind of work he puts into the house that is rising outside himself goes into the house that is rising inside himself. If into the one he puts rotten materials and dishonest work, into the other goes an equal amount of the same ruinous elements. In building houses and doing all our work we are building ourselves. We only need look at what we are doing outside to see what we are becoming inside. We must abound in the work of the Lord to become like the Lord; there is no other way. We grow like what we do, and this fact is constantly making us more like the Lord or like the devil.—Rev. J. H. Snowden, D. D.

DATA FOR READING NOTICE.

During the past year there have been thousands of cardboard honor rolls used by churches and societies for recording the names of members of the church or congregation that have enlisted in the army or navy.

The names are entered but the service and address was seldom given—for soon after the addresses of the boys changed—promotions followed, then the pastor was asked that everybody should write the boys a letter, but no one was about who could give the correct addresses readily. This has led to the introduction of a new Soldiers' Honor Roll with metal panels with interchangeable cards and the appointment of an individual or committee who would make the changes in addresses and promotions when notified. Note that in the illustration that some of the cards bear a flag seal in colors, indicating that some of the boys are in France. A gold star is inserted when a boy is killed

or has died in the service. This honor roll is in use at the Auburn Park M. E. Church, Chicago. The illustration contains photos and cut of Y. M. C. A. hut, which interests everyone, a member of the committee is on hand that suggests that every one select a name and write letters to the boys.

A MYSTERY TO THE PROFESSOR

"Are you laughing at me?" demanded the professor sternly of his class.
"Oh, no, sir," came the reply in chorus.
"Then," asked the professor even more grimly, "what else is there in the room to laugh it?"

GENTLE REPROOF

In "The End of the Chapter," by Shane Leslie, are some amusing stories. One in regard to school life at Eton concerns one of the masters there who found a button in the chapel collection. He read out the result of the offerory in terms of pounds, shillings, and pence, "and one trouser button!" proceeding immediately with the text of the sermon, "Rend your hearts and not your garments."

Where Education Should Focus

The moral element is the main thing in education. Of what real use can that culture be which is as cold as an iceberg and as mathematical as the multiplication table? Moral education is not an aspect of education, but the integrating center of the whole.—Biblical Recorder.

THE DOCTRINE OF ELECTION.

The judge stopped to have a word with the colored man-of-all-work, and asked if he went to church.
"Yessuh, Ah goes to church every Sunday," he said.
"Are you a member?"
"Yessuh."
"What church?"
"Presbyteeryn."
"Do you believe in the doctrine of election?"
"Yessuh."
"Do you believe I am elected to the saved?"
"Law, Judge, Ah didn' even know you was a candidate."



HONOR ROLL

The following members have answered their country's call and are representing us in the National Service

<i>Ensign E. Luffell</i> New England Ordnance Company, Boston Bradford	<i>Ensign George</i> New England Ordnance Company, Boston Bradford	<i>Ensign James D. Barker</i> Camp, Maine American Expeditionary Force, France	<i>Ensign Edward M. Giff</i> U. S. Army Ordnance Company, Maine American Expeditionary Force, France	<i>Ensign E. Dietz</i> 1st Field Artillery Bridges Headquarters Camp Hancock, Augusta	<i>Ensign Charles</i> New England Ordnance Company, Boston Bradford

Write to the Boys

Men's Bible Class Meet Mon 7 30



WESTERN UNION
TELEGRAM

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